

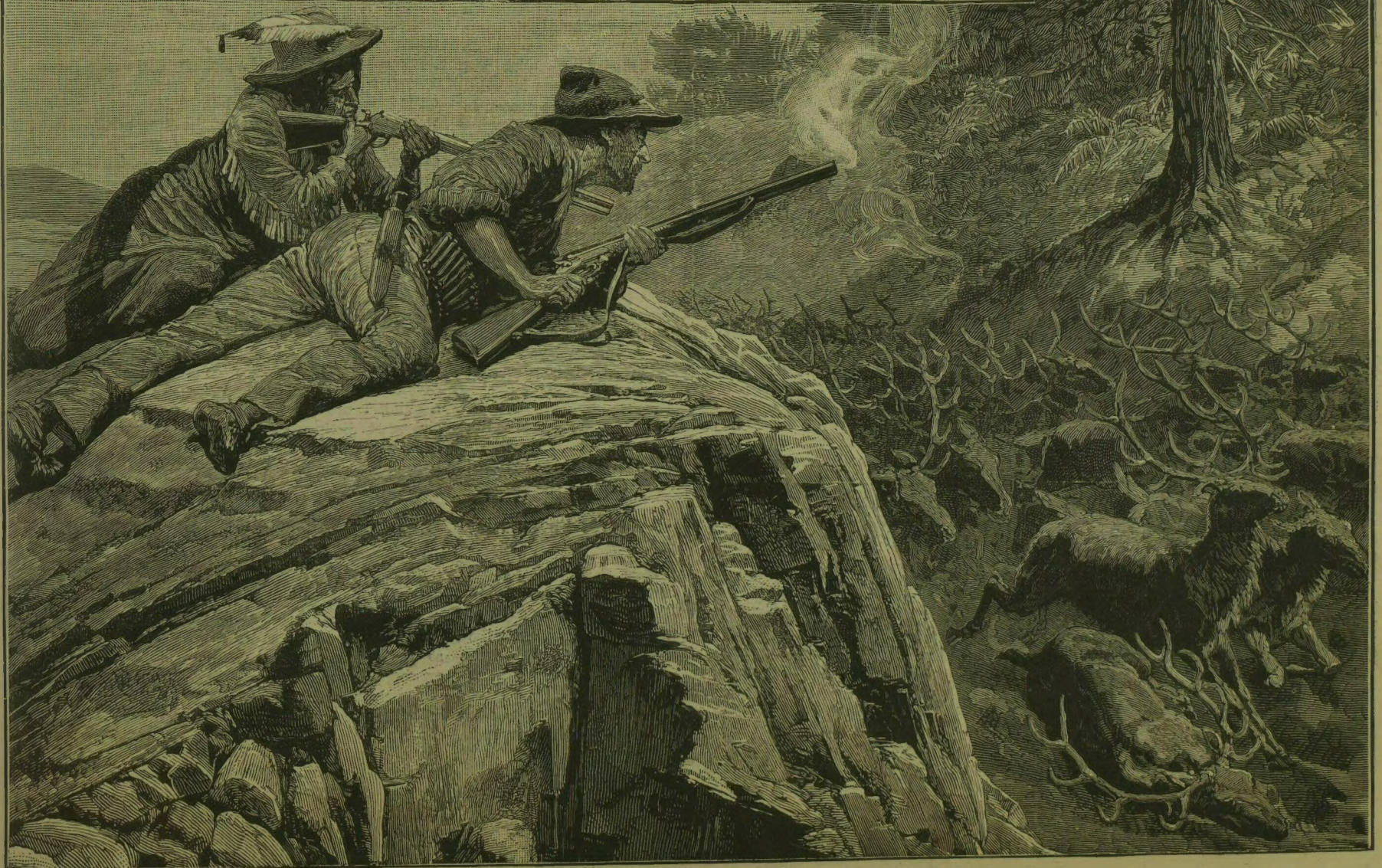
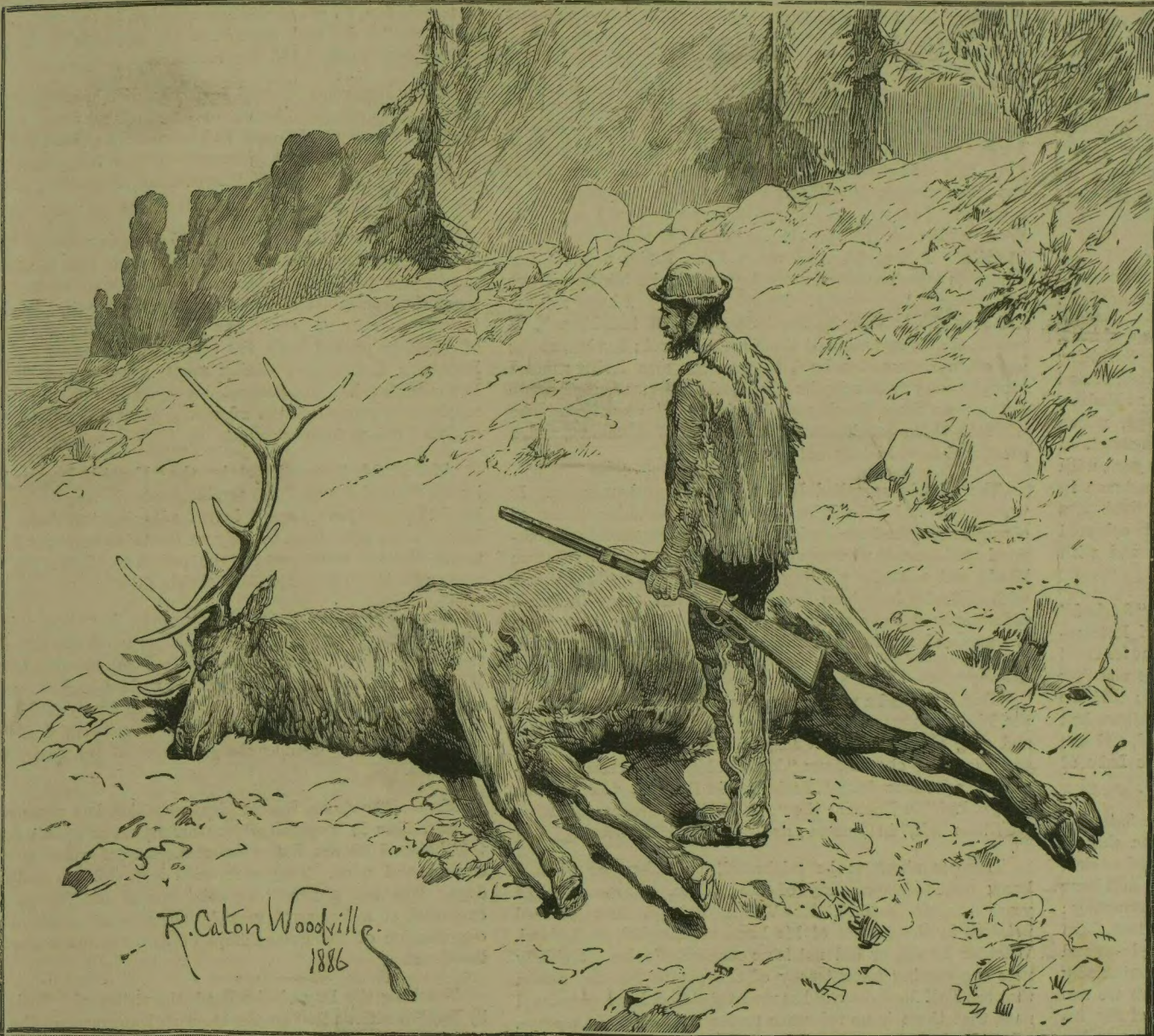
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WAPITI-HUNTING IN NORTH AMERICA.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The Distressed Compiler has led quite a dissipated life this week. On Saturday, Oct. 30, I went for the second time to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The *second* time. The first was on that May Day when, in the Royal Albert Hall, her Majesty proclaimed the Exhibition to be open. Saturday last was not the pleasantest of days; but to me it was infinitely pleasant to find myself wandering about the booths of the Great Show, and renewing my memories of India and Australasia. I could have remained the whole afternoon in the entrance-hall by the Exhibition-road, gazing on the models of the gigantic P. and O. steamers and the mural paintings of Adelaide and Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne, Ceylon, and Natal. Yes; there was the deck-cabin which I inhabited for six weeks; there the quarter-deck where the ladies danced at night with the spruce young officers; there were the skylights of the saloon. I peered through the glass in the hope of seeing the punkahs going. There were the palms and temples of the spicy island of Ceylon; there the broad expanse of King William-street, Adelaide; there the narrow Yarra-Yarra, winding its devious way up to Melbourne the Marvellous; there the beautiful harbour of Sydney and the grand city beyond, the splendour of which was predicted with such wondrous accuracy by the first Dr. Darwin. You remember his prophecy about steam, long before steam-boats began to ply or trains to travel:

Soon shall thine arms, undaunted Steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
And on wide waving wings extended bear
The flying chariot through the realms of air.

I lived a whole year of my life again in that one entrance-hall.

By-the-way, among the thousand and one things which I admired between one a.m. and four p.m. in this astonishing *omnium gatherum* was a remarkably well-constructed brougham, exhibited by a firm of carriage-builders at Madras. But it was altogether an English-looking carriage, which might have come out of Long-acre or Great Queen-street. I should have preferred a sample of the real Indian *gari*, with its latticed panels and back, with figures of the coachman in gorgeous Eastern costume, and with bare feet, on the box, a Syce running in front, and two or three chocolate-coloured gentlemen at large, all in snowy-white garments and with bare feet, hanging on behind.

Among the New Zealand exhibits, the one that "fetched" me most was an oil-painting of the Pink Terrace of Rotomahana—gone!—and another of the White Terrace—gone for ever! What should we say in Europe, if we heard, some fine morning that there was no more Vesuvius and no more Etna; that the Giant's Causeway had disappeared; that Fingal's Cave had vanished; that Snowdon and Helvellyn, Ben Lomond, and the Peak in Derbyshire existed no more; and that the Lake of Killarney had suddenly dried up?

But, perhaps, that which interested me most on Saturday at Kensington was the crowd. I bought an Indian cheroot for twopence halfpenny, and went into the grounds and smoked the weed; and, sitting on a bench, I gazed for one full hour at the passing show. A wonderful panorama of humanity: all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, from "swells" and "swelleses," down to inmates of asylums and almshouses, out for a day's holiday, all quietly and contentedly seeking for amusement, and finding it. Why have we not always such an innocently recreative and cheerfully instructive Exhibition as this open all the year round, every day in the week, Sundays not excluded? Here is a place where there is abundance of strong drink, and where nobody gets drunk; where there is no fighting, no brawling, no misbehaviour of any kind visible; but where the people, in the widest sense of the term, are allowed, for a trifling admission fee, to enjoy themselves in a palace and gardens full of splendid and interesting objects, and to forget for a brief season that London is the dullest, yet by wise legislation might be made the gayest, city in the world.

But I had had another experience of sight-seeing before I went to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. In the forenoon I paid a visit to some old friends of mine, the Nuns of Nazareth House, Hammersmith. These good sisters, as many of my readers may be aware, shelter, feed, clothe, and educate some four hundred girl children ranging in age between babyhood and sixteen years. They are trained to be domestic servants and nursery governesses; and when they leave Nazareth House situations are found for them. In addition to these girls, the Nuns entirely maintain about two hundred aged and infirm men and women, whom they nurse and tend with simply Samaritan kindness. To provide food for these helpless creatures, young and old, the Nuns are fain incessantly to beg. They never *ask* for alms in money, but they will be grateful for subscriptions, and quite as grateful, too, for donations in kind—broken victuals, wine, beer, tobacco, old cloths, magazines and periodicals, boots and shoes, blankets, bed-linen, bedding, coals, soap, lollipops and toys. Call upon the Nuns of Nazareth House, and see things for yourselves.

I did not go to Hammersmith on Saturday to view the premises. I had seen them before; but I wanted to see the soup-kitchens which the Sisters have already opened, and I wanted to see the noontide distribution of soup to the outside poor, who have only to knock at the wicket of Nazareth House and exhibit their famished visages to be admitted and fed. I wish that I could have taken Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., or Mr. Caton Woodville, or Mr. Fred. Barnard with me. Their pencils might have given you some idea of the doleful yet comforting spectacle which I beheld. Scores upon scores of ragged and pallid men, women, and children, from dotards of seventy to urchins of seven, ravenously devouring the soup and bread served out by the kindly Sisters. Go to Nazareth House, Pomp, and see the soup served out to the outsiders; and take physio, Pomp, before you go!

I am not ambitious to become an inmate either of Bedlam,

St. Luke's, Colney Hatch, Hanwell, or Earlswood, but I really think that Reason will totter on her throne if I receive many more communications touching "izzard," "aubesand," and "ampersand," neither of which, according to "W. J. H." (Dollar, N.B.), is correct. Who said it was correct, lordly Sir from Dollar? The figure itself, says my correspondent, was originally intended to represent the letter A; and the meaning to be conveyed A by itself signifies "and." My correspondent rambles on about "apperciard," Macklin's comedy of "The Man of the World," and the late Mr. Samuel Phelps as Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant; and I can make neither head nor tail of him. Oh, kind and clever Madam at Chepstow, why could you not leave "izzard" and "aubesand" alone? The wordmongers are all at me; and I am brought very low. I am as a toad under a philological harrow, and every tooth gives me a "tig."

There has been a curious correspondence in the *Times* on the proper age for leaving school; and in one of the letters on the subject, signed "H," there is a statement which has simply astounded me. "H" asserts that the average English school-boy at nineteen is not so well educated as his sister at sixteen. "He knows little Latin, less Greek, less French, less German, no logic, no political economy, and not even the use of the globes." Can this assertion be true? and, if it be true, ought not the average English schoolmaster to be ashamed of himself? Let me see. Forty-three years ago I was sent from a French college to an English school to learn English. I brought with me a little Latin, a good deal of Greek, more geometry, more drawing, and a fair knowledge of history and geography. French, of course, I knew; and I had been able to talk Italian before I could talk French. I remained only two years at the English school; having, at the age of fourteen and a half, to earn my own living; and I brought away from school a good deal of German, some more Latin, some more Greek and drawing, a slight acquaintance with the violin, an elementary knowledge of chemistry, and a great deal more history and geography.

The school was called Bolton House, Turnham-green. It was conducted by Mr. John Godfrey Dyne; and his system of education was the Pestalozzian one. There was scarcely any corporal punishment; we were allowed to learn pretty well what we liked; and a harder working set of schoolboys could, I think, with difficulty have been found. The terms, extras included, did not exceed sixty guineas a year; and I hope that there are many of my dear old schoolfellows alive to bear witness if I lie.

Mem.: We had a public examination every midsummer, at the Hanover-square rooms. Forty boys played on the fiddle, and sang the Hallelujah Chorus, "When winds breathe soft," and the great chorus from "Mosé in Egitto." Then we performed selections from "Macbeth," in English, "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," in French; the "Adelphi" of Terence, in Latin; "William Tell," in German; and "Antigone," in Greek.

There is about to be celebrated, but where or when I know not, a tercentenary of the potato. Three hundred years ago, it is said, Sir Walter Raleigh first planted potatoes in the garden of his house at Youghal, in Ireland. Whether he did or did not is no concern of mine. I chiefly note the coming tercentenary of the potato for the reason that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has recently stated, in an occasional note, that there is no reference to the potato in Shakspeare. "Let the sky rain potatoes," excellent *P. M. G.*, if Sir John Falstaff does not say something about the *solanum tuberosum* in the "Merry Wives of Windsor"; and may I have a "potato finger" if "murphies" be not mentioned in "Troilus and Cressida." There is another reason, too, why I am impelled just to glance at the potato in this page. The reason is gratitude.

Very shortly after I returned from India last May, a kind-hearted correspondent sent me a quaint old quarto, published in 1633, entitled "KAINIKH"; or, the Diet of the Diseased, by James Hart, Doctor in Physike. With great eagerness, so soon as I read about the potato tercentenary, I turned to KAINIKH; and to my delight I found a paragraph concerning potatoes. Doctor James Hart did not think much of them. He called them "outlandish roots," apt to engender melancholy humours. According to this sage, potato or Batata roots were brought from the West Indies; and he ends his notice with a sneer that they were "far-fetched and dear bought, and, therefore, sure to please ladies." Ungallant James Hart, Doctor in Physike!

Mem.: The earliest mention of potatoes that I can find in an English cookery-book is in Mistress Hannah Woolley's Queen-like "Closet and Cabinet of Rich Receipts," published early in the reign of Charles II. If Sir Kenelm Digby says anything about potatoes, I have not searched his book with sufficient diligence. There is no potato recipe in "The Compleat Cook," published in 1661.

The part taken by the distinguished French savant and philanthropist Antoine Augustin Parmentier in introducing the cultivation of the potato into France should not be forgotten. Turgot had tried to encourage potato-growing in the Limousin and the Angoumois; but Parmentier was the first, just before the Revolution, to popularise the potato as an article of food among his countrymen. He obtained permission to plant potatoes on the Royal demesne of the Plaine des Sablons; and he presented to Louis XVI. a bouquet of the beautiful flowers of the potato-plant. The courtiers sneered; but the monarch smiled graciously, and placed one of the flowers in his button-hole; and thenceforth the fortune of "la pomme de terre Française" was made.

It is amusing to read that the excellent Parmentier once gave a "potato-dinner" at which Lavoisier and Benjamin Franklin were present. Potatoes cooked in every style were served; and the very wines and liqueurs were prepared from

potatoes. Unless I am mistaken, I have heard, within comparatively recent times, of "potato sherry."

Staple Inn for sale! A sad, sad announcement. Could not the venerable Inn of Chancery, the Jacobean façade of which lends so much picturesqueness to Holborn, be purchased by national subscription, and converted into a museum of relics of old London? That darling old Temple Bar might be set up again in the courtyard of Staple Inn.

In Herbert's "Antiquities of the Inns of Court and Chancery" there is an interesting aquatint engraving of Staple Inn as "the House with the Five Gables" appeared at the beginning of the present century. Soon, I suppose, all the old Inns of Chancery will disappear. Furnival's Inn is one only in name. Legally, it has long since been disestablished. Barnard's, anciently called Mackworth, Inn is doomed. Scroope's Inn, "without Oldbourn bridge, to the right hand in Gold-lane," and which was an inn for serjeants of the law in the reign of Richard III., has vanished.

Lyons Inn, gone. Strand Inn, otherwise known as Chester Inn, stood near the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, and was pulled down (*temp.* Edward VI.) to make room for Somerset House; but the students removed to New Inn, which is yet existent. Clifford's Inn, I apprehend, flourishes, and will continue to flourish.

Mem.: The writer of a most interesting article in the *Times* on the imminent demolition of Staple Inn, incidentally mentions a peculiar custom which prevails at Clifford's Inn when the Ancients and their guests dine in hall. According to the writer in the *Times*, at a given time after dinner a loaf of bread is pushed down the table occupied by the "Kentish Renters." I remember dining many years ago at Clifford's Inn with the late Mr. Samuel Joyce, Q.C.; and, so far as my recollection serves me, the manner of observing the "peculiar custom" was as follows:

At the table tenanted, not by the "Kentish Renters," but by the "Kentish Mess," the president rose, having in his right hand three (or four?) small loaves adhering together. These loaves he brought down smartly on the table, saying, "I drink to the Rolls." Subsequently, the president of the top table rose and said, "I drink to the Kentish Mess."

The undertakers' men, or "croquemorts," have been enjoying high jinks in Paris; and, appropriately enough, they fixed on the Jour des Morts, or annual Day of the Dead, for their festival. Why not? I have seen a good deal of undertakers all over the world, and have found them in the main a very genial crew. The libitinarii and pollinctores of Old Rome were, I doubt it not, quite as merry men as the gentlemen of the Paris Poms Funèbres.

Mem.: The strong Roman element which has never ceased to be visible in Parisian civilisation is curiously illustrated, that before 1789 the Paris undertakers were called criers of corpses and wine. They also cried lost children and stray dogs. Was not a herald or crier one of the functionaries employed at a Roman funeral? The present extraordinary organisation of the Paris Poms Funèbres is due to Napoleon the Great.

Touching the Day of the Dead, the writer of "Paris Day by Day" mentions that on the mournful anniversary the first number of a newspaper called *La Nécropole* was started, and was sold in large numbers at the cemetery gates. This was making hay while the sun shone with a vengeance. *La Nécropole* reminds me of a journal bearing the ghastly title of *The Death Warrant*, published, some forty years ago, at an office in the Strand, by the late Mr. Frederick Marriott, afterwards editor and proprietor of the *San Francisco News Letter*. The journal with the lugubrious name was not a financial success; so, after a few weeks, Mr. Marriott changed its appellation to that of *The Guide to Life*.

The prettiest, handiest, and altogether interesting edition of the works of "Le Vieux William," as our lively neighbours sometimes call the Swan of Avon, is "The Illustrated Pocket Shakspeare," complete with glossary, in eight volumes, contained in a natty little case, which, without difficulty, you might stow away in the pocket of your overcoat. "The Illustrated Pocket Shakspeare" is published by David Bryce, of Glasgow. I shall call it my homœopathic Shakspeare, because the pretty case reminds me of the morocco-covered medicine chest the possession of which, when I was a child, I used to envy Doctor Curré, one of the earliest and most distinguished disciples of Hahnemann. Doctor Curré treated me for some months; and I would willingly have swallowed all his medicines *en bloc* if he would only have given me the morocco-covered casket.

The Distressed Compiler is much exercised in his mind about a movement which is just now attracting public attention in favour of Recreative Evening Schools. According to the promoters of this movement, which has already been honoured with the patronage of a considerable number of grandees, only a very small percentage of boys and girls continue their education after they have left the Board Schools, so the promoters propose to teach these youths in the evening all manner of useful branches of knowledge, inculcated in a cheerful and entertaining manner. Recreative Evening Schools have been common enough for many years past in country districts. They would be comparatively a novelty in the metropolis, and might work much good among the masses, but that which puzzles me, is to know what has become of the agitation, the fierce agitation, dinned into our ears about over-pressure and the abomination of evening lessons? Where are the eminent medical men who made such terrible statements about poor children dying of inflammation of the brain, paralysis, consumption, atrophy, and so forth, all in consequence of over-pressure?

G. A. S.

WAPITI-HUNTING IN NORTH AMERICA.

No region of the globe afforded grander sport, a few years ago, than those vast upland territories of North America lying on the eastern as well as on the western slopes of the great continental backbone formed by the Rocky Mountains. But now, with a few remaining exceptions, that country no longer shelters the shaggy bison, the noble wapiti, the graceful mule deer and white-tailed deer, the four or five different species of bear, and the lordly bighorn, for the hardy pioneers of settled civilisation have taken possession of it; and, as a natural result, the large wild animals have been either completely exterminated, or the invasion by mankind has driven the greatly decimated remnants of the original herds to the few remaining isolated nooks and corners in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. That such general and wanton slaughter, as has almost wiped the shaggy bison from the face of the earth in the course of two decades, should also overtake a yet nobler species, the largest stag known to the globe-trotting sportsman, is a matter of deep regret. Some ten or fifteen years ago, the traveller through the Sioux country could see, on the banks of a certain stream in Montana, a huge pyramid of wapiti antlers, eighteen or twenty feet high and fifteen feet in diameter, containing more than a thousand sets of horns. It was the result of one single fall or autumn hunt of a Sioux hunting party. At the present day, there is not a wapiti within many hundreds of miles; a town occupies the site of that pyramid; and those of the Sioux Indians who escaped the white man's bullets, and his even more deadly fire-water, are now confined in a state of semi-imprisonment, in the Indian territory, two thousand miles from their old homes, and from the graves of their fathers.

If the reader, to use a Western phrase, will camp on the tracks of the writer, on what was, perhaps, the most successful of his numerous expeditions after the wapiti or elk, as the Americans erroneously call it, he shall be in at the death of a master stag whose branching antlers need fear but few, if any, rivals, in the great collections made by the ardent sportsmen of Europe.

Not often do the emergencies of travel in a perfectly unknown region, at or about "timberline," allow one to pick a camping-place with regard only to the beautiful in nature. Water, wood, and grass for the horses, are the first things required; while shelter from sudden snowstorms, of which at these great altitudes no month is free, has also to be considered. But the camp I am referring to was, for once, as snug as it was strikingly beautiful in its surroundings. A nameless little tarn, 10,000 ft. above the ocean, surrounded by park-like groves of fine old timber, and with a wreath of fine snowflecked peaks in the immediate background, had taken our roving fancy; and, after a critical though brief examination, a halt was called, and, five minutes later, the tired pack-horses were rolling in the long grass, their loads strewn the sward; while a fire, lit on the gleaming white beach of the lake, was sending up its smoke into the peaceful afternoon sky.

Probably we were the first white men who had invaded this beautiful spot; for I am speaking of bygone years, when the Big River Range in Western Wyoming was a veritable terra incognita; or a singular performance on my part in this very locality would have been hardly possible. My buffalo-robe bed was spread on the clear white sand of the beach, a few feet from the water's edge; and one morning at dawn, while there was yet a gauze-like film of mist overhanging the lake, I killed, from my bed, a very fine wapiti stag, who had come down to water, and I soon afterwards caught one of the largest lake trout I ever landed.

But I am forgetting that it is the 5th of October, and at the height of my noble game's rutting season, or, as it is known in the West, "whistling time," from the peculiar sound, not unlike that of the higher notes of a flageolet, emitted by the stag in calling his mates. And every hour is precious to the sportsman, anxious to take advantage of the rare chances it affords him to pick out "big-heads."

With my faithful old 500-bore Express (the "trail stopper," my men call it), I stroll forth from camp, making my way towards a bare ridge, with open glades on both sides, which has struck my fancy as an inviting stalking-ground. And I am not mistaken, for I find the ground "tracked up" by almost countless spoor, small and large, old and new, of wapiti. Half an hour later, I have sighted a good-sized band of these deer, numbering, as I supposed, some two hundred and fifty head, feeding like so many tame deer in a park, on a delightfully picturesque glade, a few hundred yards below the top of the ridge, along which I have proceeded very stealthily. There they are—stately full-grown stags, with superb branching antlers; mischievous young ones, with but one or two "spikes"; coy hinds, ever watchfully guarding their lovesick masters, who are now careless of danger, and bent only upon gaining and keeping the mastership over their respective female bands; while the frisky young progeny born into the world the preceding spring gambol about entirely oblivious of danger. For the past two months, sights such as this had been of almost daily occurrence; and many thousands of the noble wapiti had passed, as it were, in review before me, as, with the assistance of powerful field-glasses, I had attempted to single out the largest of the stags. A careful stalk against the wind brought me to a little knoll, almost in the midst of the herd; and from here, lying at full length behind a projecting bush, I took a leisurely survey of the deer. But I was disappointed; not a single really fine head could I spy; and I was just about to retire, to try my luck elsewhere, when, on turning my head, I saw, not ten yards off, a very giant among wapiti, who had breasted the knoll, and was standing with gaze fixed upon me, his grand form clearly against the horizon. His body was of an exceedingly rare grizzly brown, his distended shaggy neck black as coal and of immense size, and his antlers of a beam that made my heart almost stand still. We looked at each other for a second or two; then, while my gaze is still riveted upon his, my hand steals quietly, very quietly, down to my side, where my rifle was lying, for a quick movement is, of course, fatal; but, alas! before I can half raise the faithful old arm my quarry was off, putting some dense underbush between himself and that singular apparition the like of which he had probably never seen before.

Space forbids my narrating more of the events of the long stern chase that followed; of the toilsome tracking over hard and partially frozen ground, where tracks innumerable in number made the task almost hopeless; of my running amuck at another large band of wapiti, whose numbers my fugitive had apparently joined; and of my final success owing more to luck than to skill, in coming upon the lost one who had sought cover in a deep wooded gully. I was running down the steep slope of this glen when I heard twigs snapping, and other unmistakable signs of a stag breaking cover. I could not stay the impetus of my course, but managed to swerve off to one side, so as to get a better view of the opposite slope. Hardly had I done so when there, not more than seventy yards off, the big stag burst from the cover, his peculiarly grizzly colour convincing me of his identity the very first second I saw him. He was making down the gully at a double-quick trot, and a sharp corner would hide him the next moment; so, without knowing very clearly what I did, I threw up my rifle and fired. Had I hit him? I knew not, for my shot

was a very quick one, and I was standing in a most awkward position on a steep bank, the soil of which was continually giving way under my feet. I imagined I heard the bullet strike, but the distance was too short to make out distinctly that reassuring sound so well known to the rifleman. The stag had vanished, without a sign or a drop of blood to show I had hit him. As can be imagined, I was vastly excited, and, I believe, had a grizzly at that moment started up in my path I should probably have shouted to him to get out of my way. I soon found, however, that my bullet had not gone astray of its mark; but long before I could get up to the wounded stag night overtook me, and I had to camp under a handy tree, with a large fire to keep me warm, and but a scanty supper to remind me of the conspicuous absence of home comforts. By dawn I was again on the track of the stag. The last gasp for life had carried him several miles, fortunately not very much out of my way back to camp, otherwise I should have been in the unpleasant situation of having to pass another night under a handy tree.

It was late in the afternoon when I came up to the monarch of the Great Divide. There he lay, where death had at last ended his gallant fight for life. He had been dead many hours, for his body was quite rigid and his eye lustreless and broken. Of the many thousands of wapiti I have seen, this animal was the largest, and must have weighed quite 10 cwt., for his antlers alone, on their arrival in Europe, turned the scales at 44 lb.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN,
Author of "Camps in the Rockies."

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

We are glad to say that Sir Charles Tupper, the devoted Exhibition High Commissioner for Canada, in presiding over a meeting of exhibitors at South Kensington last week, was enabled to announce that the "Col-Indies," to be closed on the Tenth of November, will be reopened by her Majesty next June as the Temporary Imperial Institute, which, at the sagacious suggestion of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is to be formed as a suitable memorial of the Jubilee Year of the Queen's glorious reign. Since her Majesty, surrounded by the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family, in May last graciously opened this magnificent Exhibition at the brilliant musical festival which will be memorable in the annals of the Victorian era, we have, in a series of Special Supplements issued with the *Illustrated London News*, endeavoured to depict and describe the most noteworthy features of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, which has proved so supremely attractive that, up to Saturday last, it had been visited by no less than 5,373,120 persons, or, to speak by the card, that colossal number of visits had been paid, for, naturally, season-ticket holders especially have over and over again inspected here the marvels of our Empire, and have listened to the military bands, and watched with admiration the resplendent Rainbow Fountains in the electric-lit gardens. Whilst the "Col-Indies" have thus brought vividly home to some Five Million English people the vast extent and enormous wealth of the Queen's dominions beyond the seas, the Exhibition has also, grace to the system of excursions hospitably organised, been the means of familiarising a considerable number of Colonial notabilities with the industries, the cities, palaces, and noble country seats of the Motherland. We are of opinion that, given a rational plan for the Imperial Jubilee Institute, it cannot fail to be of signal advantage to the realm to perpetuate, in the substantial way the Prince of Wales desires, this strong and mutually beneficial tie between Great Britain, India, and "Greater Britain."

There will indubitably be a void in London life when the public is debarred, if only temporarily, from admiring the splendidly-executed Indian Hunting Trophy, for which the Royal Commission was indebted to the munificence of his Highness the Maharajah Kuch Behar; when the superb display of Cape diamonds can be viewed with envy no longer by fair visitors; when the golden nuggets of Victoria and other Australian colonies can no longer be examined; when the commanding Grain and Fruit Trophy of Canada, guarded by Captain William Clark, cannot be regarded with wistful eyes by agriculturists half-wishful to emigrate to the land of plenty open to them in the Canadian North-West; when the bright and alluring West Indian Court is dismantled; when the radiant and glowing Indian Palace designed by clever Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, C.I.E., disappears; and when the glowing Industrial and Ethnological Courts of India, the latter so richly and ingeniously stocked by Dr. George Watt, C.I.E., are closed. It will afford satisfaction to some who have appreciated the beautiful art-work of India that many articles, such as those exhibited in the North Indian Court, of which an Illustration is published this week, will be still procurable, after the Tenth, at the establishment of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, in Pall-mall East. The richly-coloured carpets of Vellore, Cashmere, Masulipatam, and Armitas, with which the North Indian Court is charmingly adorned, are exhibited by this firm, whose taste for decorative art is furthermore exemplified by a goodly array of exquisitely-carved Indian chairs, made expressly for the European market, by a variety of pottery from Mooltan, Scinde, and Delhi, diversified with fine specimens of the famous Benares brass-work, a lot composed of incrustation of silver on copper Moradabad metal-work in vases (delicate metal carving, filled in with lacquer to throw up the design), large punkahs, and the peculiar native shawls for festive occasions, glittering with spangles of looking-glass. It is in this same North Indian Court, stored with samples of Indian teas and Indian coffees, Indian cigars and Indian curiosities, that Messrs. Henry S. King and Co. have done an immense trade since May in Indian souchong and pekoe and Ceylon coffee, which have been cheaply dispensed in the adjacent gardens by their handmaids in orange and blue dresses. As a last word, we have to cordially thank the Executive of the Exhibition, from Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, K.C.M.G., himself, to Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, C.I.E., and his obliging son, Mr. Herbert Trendell, and the zealous Superintendent of each court, for unflinching courtesy from first to last. Under their gracious auspices, our Exhibition Rambles have been a source of great pleasure.

Colonel J. Davison has been selected for the command of the 3rd Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards, stationed in Bengal.

The Lord Mayor's procession next Tuesday will start from the Guildhall and proceed along Gresham-street East, Princes-street, Cornhill, Bishopsgate-street Within, Houndsditch, Aldgate, Fenchurch-street, Mincing-lane, Eastcheap, Cannon-street, St. Paul's-churchyard, Ludgate-hill, and Fleet-street to the Royal Courts of Justice. The procession will return by way of the Strand, Charing-cross, Northumberland-avenue, Thames Embankment, Queen-street, and King-street, to the Guildhall. An official notice was issued on Tuesday for the regulation of traffic in the City on Lord Mayor's Day. It states that on that day no procession, other than that of the Lord Mayor, will be allowed to pass along any street within the City and its liberties.

THE CHURCH.

The clergy and laity of the diocese of York have presented the Archbishop of York with a portrait of himself, painted by Mr. Oulless, R.A., and exhibited in the Royal Academy this year.

The Archbishop of Canterbury preached on Monday at one o'clock to a large congregation of business men in the City; at several other City churches there were special services in the middle of the day.

On Monday the Bishop of Peterborough laid the foundation-stone of a new church in a suburban district at Peterborough, to be built at a cost of £3000, and to be called All Saints, the day being All Saints' Day. The site was given by the Mayor.

The Bishop of London has sanctioned a special service for those at sea, to be used in stormy weather in the churches of his diocese.

The Rev. F. W. Goodwyn, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Sharrow, Sheffield, has accepted the Bishopric of Bathurst, New South Wales.

The four Welsh Bishops met at Cardiff yesterday week to consider what steps should be taken to assist the Welsh clergy in their present poverty. They resolved to open a subscription list, and each Prelate put his name down for £100.

It is estimated that about £11,000 is needed to complete the Wakefield Bishopric Fund, and a gentleman has offered to be responsible for half this amount provided the residue be raised within the present year.

The Bishop of London has collated the Rev. Dr. Liddon to the Chancellorship of St. Paul's Cathedral, void by the death of Bishop Anderson; and Canon Scott Holland to the Precentorship, in succession to the late Rev. C. A. Belli.

At the meeting of the York Diocesan Conference on Thursday week, the Rev. Canon Paget stated that a gentleman, who did not wish his name made public, had promised him a donation of £8000 as a thank-offering for mercies received, the money to be used in the erection and endowment of a church near North Cave, Yorkshire.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, Vicar of St. James's, Marylebone, was announced to occupy the pulpit of the City Temple, a Nonconformist place of worship, on Thursday week; but at the desire of the Bishop of London he abstained from doing so.

The Rev. W. A. Whitworth, Vicar of St. John's, Hammer-smith, has accepted the Vicarage of All Saints', Margaret-street.

The ancient Church of St. Michael, Appleby, was reopened on Tuesday afternoon by the Bishop of Carlisle, after undergoing extensive restoration at a cost of nearly £3000.

EIGHTH CENTENARY OF DOMESDAY BOOK.

The Royal Historical Society, of which Lord Aberdare is president, arranged for the commemoration of the eight hundredth anniversary, this year, of the completion of King William the Conqueror's "Domesday Book," the famous register of the lands, estates, dwellings, inhabitants and social condition, the cattle and other stock of England, which fills two volumes of abbreviated Latin, beautifully written on vellum, now kept at the Public Record Office, in Fetter-lane, Fleet-street. The celebration was carried out by a series of meetings or conferences held daily throughout last week: on Monday in the Literary Search-Room of the Record Office, in the evening at the Society of Arts' house in the Adelphi; on Tuesday in the King's Library of the British Museum; and in the evening of that day, and on subsequent days, in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn. Lord Aberdare presided on most of these occasions, but his place was more than once filled by the vice-president, Mr. Hyde Clarke. The proceedings consisted of the reading of papers, followed by discussions, upon the various antiquarian, topographical, statistical, legal, and other topics connected with this great work of a Royal Commission appointed by the first of our Norman Kings. Among those who contributed to the discussions were the Rev. Canon Isaac Taylor, Professor Pollock, Sir Henry Barkly, Mr. James Parker, Mr. Walter De Gray Birch, Mr. Horace Round, Mr. Stuart Moore, Mr. Hubert Hall, and delegates of several learned societies, American as well as British, while the Minister of the United States was present at some of the meetings. Our Artist has sketched the scene in the large circular or octagonal hall at the Record Office, called the "Literary Search-Room," adorned with a marble bust of Lord Romilly, who was, when Master of the Rolls, founder of that institution, so useful to students of history. Mr. Hubert Hall is introduced reading an account of the official custody of Domesday Book, which was at first, during the earlier Norman reigns, kept in the Royal treasury at Winchester, but was afterwards brought to Westminster and intrusted to the keeping of the Court of Exchequer. The two volumes, exhibited on a table in the centre of the room, are of unequal size, but not bigger than ordinary printed quartos, and are in a handsome and substantial but modern binding of black morocco leather, with brass edge-plates and studs, furnished by Riviere, in 1869; the old cover of wooden boards, probably of the fifteenth century, lies beside them as a relic. The vellum pages are exquisitely clean, and the manuscript, in black and red ink, is scarcely at all faded. Many descriptions, however, of this interesting old book, and reprints and photographic zinc-plates of its pages, have been published by authority, and are sufficiently accessible to scholars or persons curious in literary and historical antiquities. The original can, indeed, be seen, at any time, by proper application to the courteous and obliging officials of the Public Record Office.

Our Illustrations include also that of the large iron chest, which was made, probably by a Flemish artificer in the fifteenth century, to contain Domesday Book and some other books or records, of different dates, pertaining to the registry of the real estate of the country, for the purposes of the Exchequer; among these documents are the "Breviate," the "Abbreviation," a copy of the "Baldon Book," the Red and Black Books of the Exchequer, the two volumes entitled "Testa de Nevil," some early Hundred Rolls, the Book of Aids of Edward III. and others. The exhibition at the British Museum comprised the Survey of Lindsey, Monastic Cartularies containing surveys, the Inquisitio Eliensis, the transcript of the original Domesday return for Cambridge, printed editions of the Survey and Translations, and loan contributions from various libraries. Besides these were shown, last week, the following manuscripts, lent for the exhibition:—The Winton Domesday and the Liber Niger of Peterborough, lent by the Society of Antiquaries; the two MSS. of the Inquisitio Eliensis, lent by Trinity College, Cambridge; the Domesday Monachorum of Christ Church, Canterbury, lent by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury; the Liber Eliensis, lent by the Dean and Chapter of Ely; the Exon Domesday, lent by the Dean and Chapter of Exeter; and the Domesday of St. Paul's, lent by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. The committee of the Royal Historical Society have undertaken to compile a bibliographic list of all existing publications and manuscripts relating to Domesday Book, including the important references to it in the transactions of County and Local Archaeological Societies, and translations of any parts given in the County Histories. This will no doubt be of great service to facilitate



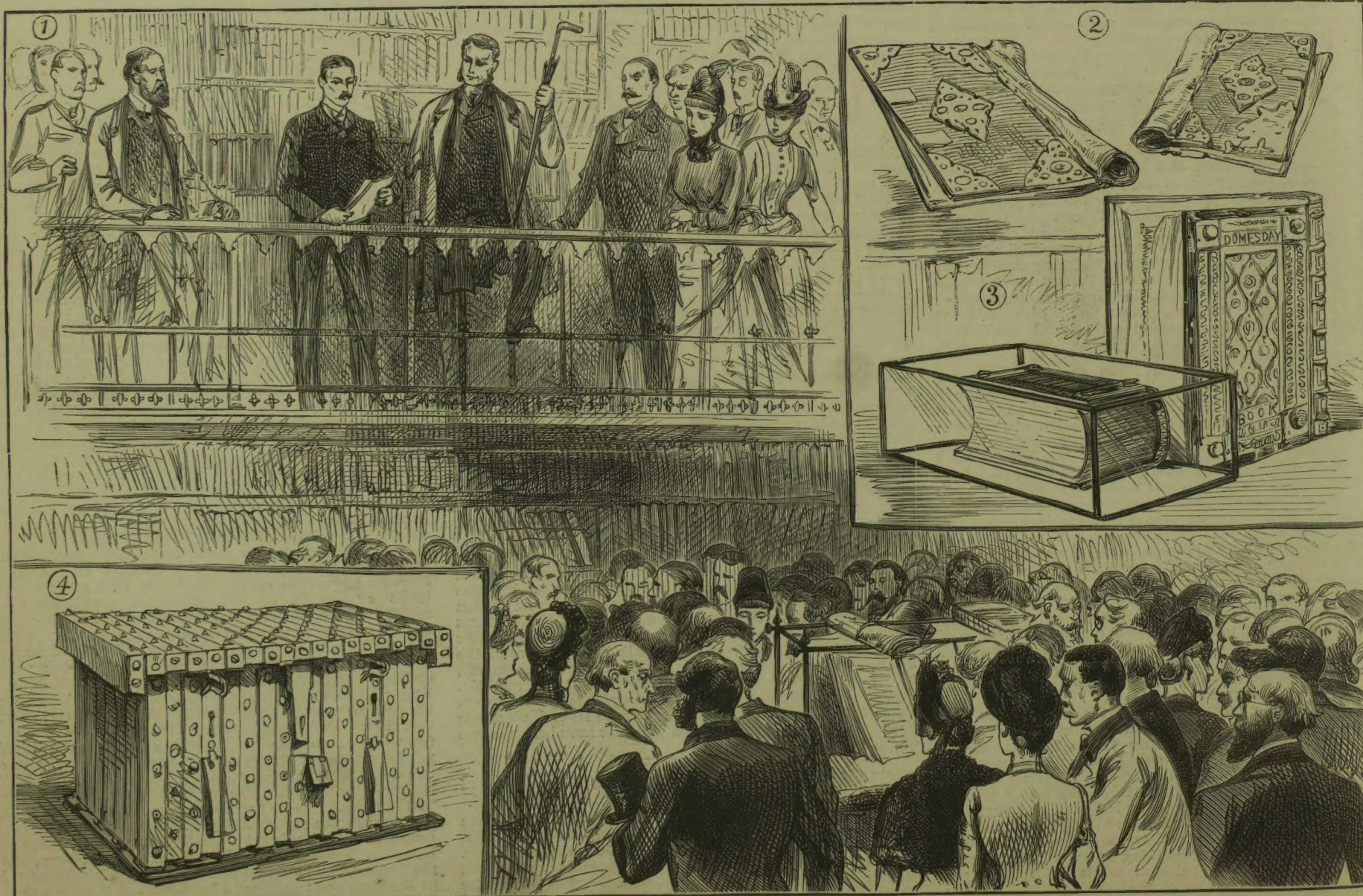
COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: THE INDIAN CARPET COURT.

antiquarian researches. With regard to the general design and character of Domesday Book, our readers will be aware that it was a survey and statistical report compiled by the Royal Commissioners from evidence given on oath by the Sheriff of each county, the Barons, the "hundred-men," the reeves or bailiffs of manors, the parish priests, and six "villeins" of each "vill" or township. They had to testify the name of every dwelling and its tenant, the mode of his tenure, the number of "hides" of land belonging to him; the number

of persons living on the estate, whether freemen, or "socmen," villeins, cottiers, or serfs; the area of land, arable, pasture, or woodland; the mills and fisheries; the number of oxen, sheep, and swine; the former and present yearly value of the estate, and the income of every freeman. These particulars were to be ascertained for three periods: first, as they stood under the reign of Edward the Confessor; secondly, as they were in 1066, the date of the Conquest; and, thirdly, as they were found in 1086, the time of Domesday Book. We can but wish

that we had an equally complete record of the state of the country in Queen Victoria's reign.

The thanks of the Historical Society were voted to Mr. Hubert Hall and the officials of the Record Office; we should mention, particularly, Mr. S. R. Scargill Bird, F.S.A., the Custodian, Mr. Walford D. Selby, the Superintendent of the Reading-room, and Messrs. Stuart A. Moore and C. T. Martin, delegates of the Society of Antiquaries, who contributed much to the success of these proceedings.



1. Mr. Hubert Hall reading a Paper, in the Literary Search-Room, Record Office.
2. The Old Wooden Covers.

3. The Domesday Books; one in glass case.

4. Ancient Iron Chest, which contained the Domesday Books and Records.

WITH GENERAL BULLER IN IRELAND.

There is, apparently, a general improvement in the social condition of Ireland during the past months of autumn. Unprejudiced reports inform us that the harvest in most districts has been abundant and well gathered in; that there are no signs of a wide-spread failure of the potatoes; and that rents, except in the disturbed part of Galway, where the Land League is still endeavouring to organise a regular warfare against Lord Clanricarde, are fairly paid, the landlords being mostly willing, at the recommendation of a Conservative Government, to refrain from harsh evictions, and to make large abatements of rents.

In the county of Kerry, where chiefly, and in the adjacent parts of Clare, Limerick, and Cork, the practice of intimidation by midnight outrages is still found prevailing, as it has often prevailed before in the course of more than a century past, General Sir Redvers Buller, commanding the Royal Irish Constabulary, and exercising civil jurisdiction in conjunction with the official Resident Magistrates, has so far been successful in striking the gangs of "Moonlighters" with a wholesome fear; and many of that sort, though sullenly favoured by a misguided peasantry, have either been brought to justice, or have been compelled to desist from their intolerable deeds of insolent cruelty. At the Tralee Quarter Sessions, on Friday week, Judge Curran, in his charge to the Grand Jury, said he had been informed, by those in care of the peace of the county, that there was a marked improvement in the past month of October. He then passed sentences, respectively of four and nine months' imprisonment, on two men convicted of having assaulted the police in the agrarian riot at Ardfert; but announced that the execution of these sentences would be suspended for three months, the prisoners being meantime released, unless within that period any similar crime should be perpetrated in the locality ten or fifteen miles around their place of abode.

Major-General Sir Redvers Henry Buller, V.C., K.C.B., and K.C.M.G., is a gallant officer of the British Army, who has won high distinction by his services in the Zulu War and in the Soudan War, and has borne his part in most of the military expeditions—except, we believe, those in India—that have been undertaken since 1860, when he first saw active service in China. He is the son of the late Mr. James Wentworth Buller, of Downes, Crediton, in Devonshire, some time M.P. for that county, and was born in 1839. He entered the 60th Rifles in 1858, was in the Chinese War two years

afterwards; in the Red River Expedition, North America, in 1870, under Colonel Wolesley, the present Lord Wolesley; again, under Sir Garnet Wolesley, in the Ashantee War of 1875; subsequently, in the Kaffir and Zulu Wars of South Africa, where his valour gained him the Victoria Cross; in the Egyptian campaign, he was head of the Intelligence Department, where his services, at the recommendation of Lord Wolesley, were rewarded by a knighthood; and his conduct in the Soudan, where he led the advanced brigade, after the abandonment of the relief of Khartoum, in its return march across the Bayuda Desert to Korti, is fresh in public remembrance.

Our Special Artist, "with General Buller in Kerry,"

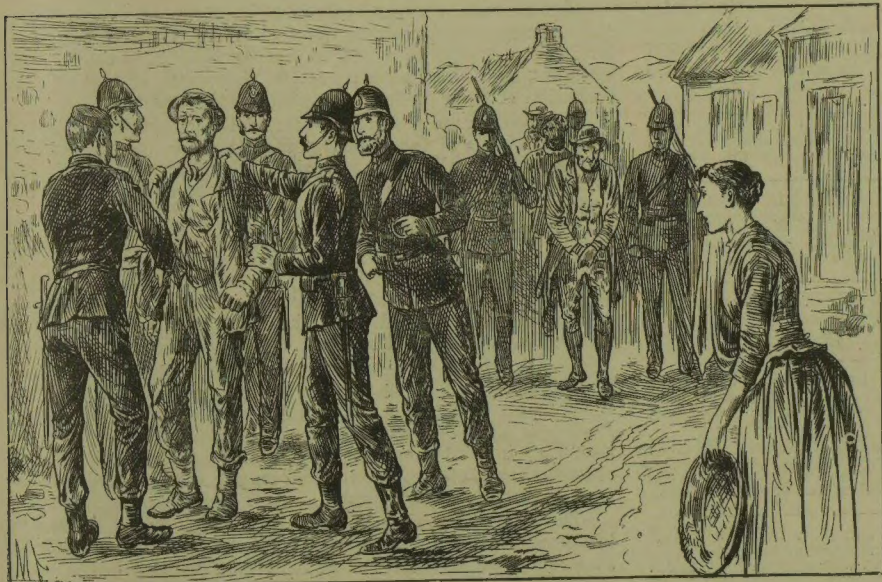


MAJOR-GENERAL SIR REDVERS HENRY BULLER, V.C., K.C.M.G., K.C.B.

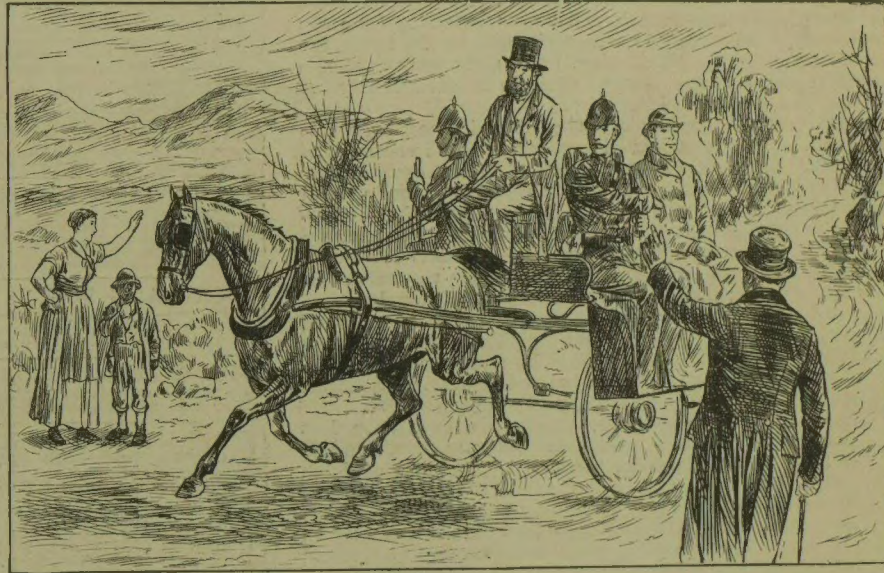
furnishes Sketches of the scenes he has witnessed there, which have been related in the reports of the last few weeks. Where a tenant has been evicted for obstinately and wilfully refusing to pay any portion of his long arrears of rent, the peasantry have upon some occasions, as happened lately near Tralee, assembled in force, and dug up the crop of potatoes, which then legally belonged to the landlord. This is, of course, a serious offence against the law of property, but is far less atrocious than the system of "moonlighting" or nocturnal visits to the homes of persons who disobey the orders of the Land League, or "National League," for the purpose of tormenting and terrifying them into submission to the abominable conspiracy that has been established in so many districts of Ireland. The arrest of a party of the malefactors at Castle Island, ten or twelve miles from Tralee, recalls the name of a village which has, during the last few years, attained the unenviable notoriety of being considered about the worst in the country. The evil repute into which Castle Island has fallen may be partly attributed to the fact that Brady and Curley, who were executed for the Phoenix Park murders, were employed there not long before in the rebuilding of a house, and may have propagated their pernicious doctrines. It was almost immediately after a visit from Mr. P. J. Sheridan, in the disguise of a priest, that the outrages began. There are four roads going out of Castle Island, on every one of which a man has been shot within the last four years. It is near the western boundary of Cork county, where some of the gang were arrested, who are seen, in another Sketch, on their way to the county prison. Tralee, however, the county town of Kerry, is General Buller's head-quarters, and there he commands a sufficient force of the loyal armed police, some of whom are lodged in cabins used as temporary barracks.

The residence of the unfortunate Curtin family, whose father was shot dead at his own door for resisting a demand to give up his guns, is distant about six miles, and is now guarded by the police. A scene the other day near Tralee, where two young men from Furies, who had by their demeanour incurred the suspicion of the police, were stopped and strictly questioned, then personally examined, and found in possession of a six-shooting revolver, is represented in one of these Sketches, by our Special Artist.

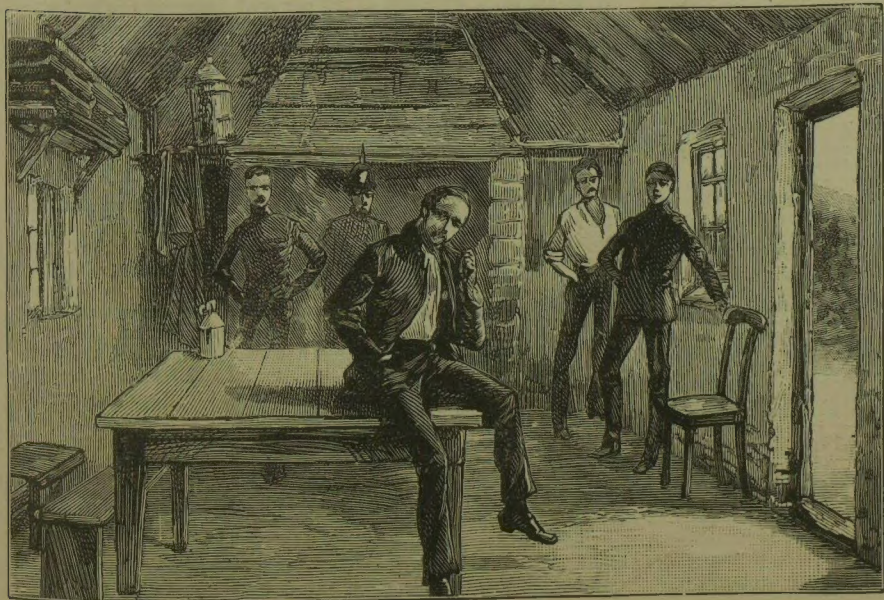
Baron Pollock and Justices Stephen and A. L. Smith have been appointed the Parliamentary Election Petition Judges for the year 1886-7.



ARREST OF MOONLIGHTERS AT CASTLE ISLAND, KERRY.



CONVEYING MOONLIGHTERS TO CORK PRISON.



CABIN NEAR TRALEE, KERRY, CONVERTED INTO A POLICE BARRACK.



POLICE PATROL: AN AWKWARD CROSS-EXAMINATION.

WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER IN IRELAND.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The French Republic has resolved to sell the majority of the Crown jewels, the retention of them being considered inconsistent with Republican simplicity, and it being (of course) quite certain that there will never again be a throne set up in France. Not even the necessity of exiling the Comte de Paris—not even the princely gift of the Duc d'Aumale to the French nation, through the Institute—not even the fear betrayed of the presence of Bourbons in the army—none of this can make the Republican Government doubtful for a moment of its own stability, or prevent it from feeling justified in selling off the Crown jewels. Well, "who lives will see." It was noted that roads were never so good as immediately before they were partially superseded by railways; and that improvements in both lamps and candles heralded the general use of gas. I do not personally remember those events—Miss Martineau's "History of the Peace" is responsible for the statement. A moral for the French Republic, perhaps, lies hidden in that record. Historically, it is an undoubted fact that no Sovereign or form of government has been established for the space of twenty years in France since the great Revolution. But 'tis a long lane that has no turning. The Republic will, no doubt feel much safer when the Crown jewels no longer exist to arouse the ambitions of possible feminine wearers of their splendour.

It is a most unfavourable moment for disposing of a great collection of precious stones. The jewellery business is in an exceedingly depressed condition. The discovery of the Cape diamond-fields has reduced the value of those glittering baubles immensely. Though many Cape diamonds are yellow, some are of perfect, flawless, white brilliance; and, as they are comparatively plentiful, they have really greatly affected the price that can be got for older stones in the market. Then, these are hard times; and in hard times, luxuries are not purchased. Jewellery is frequently to be considered in the light of a duplicate luxury, so to speak. It is probably generally bought to be given as a present; and it is certainly not an actual necessary of existence; and from both these points of view it is pretty sure to be one of the first articles to indicate the existence of hard times, by diminishing sales. Working jewellers, moreover, are suffering from the introduction of machinery into their business, so that articles for making which by hand as much as 7s. 6d. each used to be paid, a year or two ago, are now turned out in batches at a cost of two or three pence each. This latter detail chiefly applies to the cheap jewellery; but it affects the capital and enterprise engaged in the trade. However, historic jewels like those that the French Government propose to sell will appeal to a special class of buyers, and there can be little doubt of a good price being obtained for them, if the poetic, proud French people really consent to scatter amongst English, German, Jewish, and what not buyers the gems that the Queens and Empresses of France have worn in the days when the throne was the topmost pinnacle of their national splendour.

The London shops are showing very little that is new in mantles. Jet is still profusely employed as trimming, but brighter bead galons are also being used, the beads being now made in all shades. Iridescent bead ornaments are prepared, too, in sets; such as one for between the shoulders at the back, wide just under the collar, but going to a point at the waist—epaulettes, nearly covering the shoulder, and ending in a point on the sleeve of the dolman, midway to the elbow—and front straps, or half bretelles, which slope up from the waist to end under the epaulettes. Such a set of ornaments, in every shade of violet beads, intermixed with chenille threads to form a passementerie, was shown me the other day as suitable trimming for a dark heliotrope velvet dolman with collar and cuffs of blue fox. A somewhat similarly designed set in bright cut steel beads was placed on a dark green plush long mantle. Apart from this increased showiness of trimming, the principal novelty in short mantles consists in having long flat ends depending from the sides, instead of, as heretofore, straight down in front, the fronts being short in this design. The sleeves are still loose and wide, and the backs cut so short as to show nearly the whole of the draperies of the skirt.

A mixture of materials is very general in mantles, while nearly all jackets are trimmed considerably with velvet, even the severe little strictly "tailor-made" short coats having velvet collar and cuffs, and either velvet waistcoats, with concealed fastenings, or velvet-covered buttons. Short, tight-fitting jackets, which, for a few years past, have been principally resigned to girls, are now being made for young married ladies more largely. Such jackets do not suit stout matronly figures; but it is a question of individual appearance, and not one of years or of married or single. Long paletots, full below the waist, and richly trimmed, though tight-fitting, will suit even stout ladies; but the abrupt termination of the short coats just below the waist necessitates the figure being fairly slender, in order to look graceful.

Long boas will be far more fashionable even than last winter. Some of the new jackets are being made with a roll of fur fixed round the neck, terminating in two long, loose ends, which practically makes a boa affixed to the jacket. This has the advantage that it cannot slip off and be lost; but there is the counterbalancing disadvantage that the fur can only be worn with that one jacket. A more sensible new idea is found in short fur capes—little longer, indeed, than deep collarettes—which have a collar at the neck stuffed to form a round, so as to fill up the space beneath the chin as a boa does, and long ends to float to the bottom of the dress attached to the front of the cape. This gives the warmth over the whole of the shoulders of a fur tippet, with the fashionable appearance of the long fur tie, and, being separate, can be worn with any dress or mantle.

A report has been sent to me of Miss Pryde's Institute and Home for Governesses in Paris. The institution is authenticated by the names of Lord Aberdeen, Viscountess Strangford, and others of position. Its object is to provide a free registry for English governesses seeking situations in France, to visit sick governesses, and to provide pecuniary aid in special cases. The home is intended to afford a residence for English girls who go to Paris to learn to speak French, in order to improve their remuneration as governesses in England. As regards the latter part of the undertaking, it appears to me that it should be self-supporting. The charge of £1 per week which is made to the residents, should surely, even in Paris, meet the cost of a lady's boarding-house, with a general sitting-room, and plain food. But if this charge be not enough, I do not quite comprehend why charity should be called on to enable a few girls to learn French in Paris. The visitation of the sick, and the aiding our countrywomen who are supporting themselves in a foreign land to obtain respectable situations, and the giving pecuniary help to some now and then who fall into severe straits—all this is truly fitting work for the tender hand of charity. The report before me, however, gives no account of the amount spent in these ways, as compared with that expended on the boarding-house, for which latter, indeed, the appeal seems specially made. The home is at 23, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris.

F. F. M.

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MARRIAGES.

On the 29th ult., at West St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, by the Rev. Alex. Williamson, M.A., Minister, Clementina, youngest daughter of the late T. Dundas Bryce, to James Mackintosh, accountant.

On the 23rd ult., at St. Marylebone Church, Marylebone-road, by the Rev. Canon Barker, Captain Randal Beresford, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, to Florence Marion, daughter of Lord Ullick Browne.

DEATHS.

On the 2nd inst., at 37, Eaton-place, S.W., Lady Emily Cavendish, aged 63.

On Wednesday, the 27th ult., at Villiers House, Blackheath, near London, S.E., Sarah, the beloved and devoted wife of Henry White, Esq., aged 63 years.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

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(By order.) A. SAILE, Secretary and General Manager.

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MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity.

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THE COURT.

Yesterday week the Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, attended by Baron Westerweller, took leave of her Majesty and left for Buckingham Palace. His Royal Highness was accompanied to Ballater by Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Irene. Sir John Clark, of Tillypronie, arrived, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On Saturday last her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Irene of Hesse, drove to the Glassalt Shiel. In the afternoon the Duchess of Albany, with the infant Duke and Princess Alice, visited the Queen. Divine service was performed at the castle on Sunday, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family and the household, the Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell, B.A., of the West Church, Aberdeen, officiating. Mr. Mitchell had the honour of being presented to her Majesty by the Rev. A. Campbell, of Crathie, and was included in the Royal dinner party. The special saloon-train for the conveyance of the Queen and members of the Court from Balmoral to Windsor arrived in Aberdeen on Monday and proceeded to Ballater. Her Majesty was to leave on Thursday. The Queen has communicated to the promoters of the Jubilee Exhibition, to be held in Newcastle-on-Tyne next year, the expression of her willingness to lend the articles now being exhibited in Liverpool. Her Majesty has subscribed £50 to the funds of the Hants Diocesan Society, this being the third donation which she has given to it.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Clarke, arrived at Marlborough House last Saturday from Horse Heath Lodge, Cambridgeshire. His Royal Highness visited the Prince of Wales's Theatre in the evening, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Prince left Marlborough House on Monday and arrived at Tunbridge Wells, whence he proceeded to Eridge Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Abergavenny. His Royal Highness returned to town on Tuesday night, and went to Sandringham on Wednesday. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, went to the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the Park, on Sunday.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by her children and suite, arrived at Malta last Saturday, on board the Royal yacht Osborne, from Marseilles. As the yacht entered the harbour, a Royal salute was fired by the ships of the squadron, which were dressed with flags and had their yards manned. The Duke of Edinburgh went on board the Osborne to welcome the Duchess, and accompanied her on shore, where her Royal Highness was received by the Governor and his staff, the nobles of Malta, the official and elected members of the Council, the judges, clergy, and other dignitaries.

A Reuter's telegram from Lahore on Tuesday reports:—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived here this morning, and were received at the railway station by the Lieutenant-Governor and the principal officers of the garrison, and subsequently by the Viceroy, at Government House. Their Royal Highnesses appeared to be in excellent health and spirits.

Prince Christian and Princesses Victoria and Louise and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein were present on Sunday morning at the harvest thanksgiving service held in the Royal Chapel, near Cumberland Lodge.

The Grand Duke of Hesse, attended by Baron Westerweller, left Buckingham Palace for Sandringham last Monday, on a short visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, after which they will return to Darmstadt.

Lord Idlesleigh has been re-elected Lord Rector of the Edinburgh University. He polled 1094 votes, against 747 recorded for Sir Lyon Playfair.

The late Sir Henry Edwards left a legacy of £1000 for the Bradford Infirmary, and Lady Edwards has contributed £750 for furnishing and endowing a children's cot in the same institution, in memory of her late husband.

Mr. Edward F'Anson, president, on Monday evening gave the opening address of the session of the Royal Institute of British Architects, in which, after glancing at the events of the year, he alluded with regret to the want of a due representation of their profession at the Royal Academy.

It is announced that the result of the census taken by the *British Weekly* of the worshippers at the morning and evening services at the churches and chapels of London on Sunday, Oct. 24, showed that about 460,000 were present in the morning, and about 410,000 in the evening.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Lord Wantage to be Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire, in the room of the late Marquis of Ailesbury; and her Majesty has approved of the vacant office of Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, being conferred upon the Very Rev. Henry Montagu Butler, D.D., Dean of Gloucester.

Anticipating the recurrence of severe distress among the poorer population of the metropolis during the coming winter, the Bishop of London, Cardinal Manning, the Bishops of Rochester and Bedford, Mr. Spurgeon, and Mr. Reaney have issued a joint letter suggesting a plan by which work may be provided for those who are out of employment at wages somewhat below the ordinary rate.

The Earl of Lonsdale has returned £6000 to his tenants in Westmoreland and Cumberland as abatements in rent.—Sir T. F. Grove, the member for South Wilts, has let out in allotments to the labouring men of Winterslow (a village a few miles from Salisbury) a field of thirty-one acres, in lots varying from twenty rods to five acres each, at a rental of £2 per acre, or 3d. per rod, free of all other charges.—Mr. C. R. M. Talbot, M.P., "Father of the House of Commons," has announced an abatement of 25 per cent in rents to the tenants on his estates in Wales.—Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, of Ardawan, has reduced the rents of his agricultural tenants 10 per cent, and has given £2000 to the fund for the relief of the unemployed in Greenock.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on Thursday week received a deputation comprising the Moderator of the General Assembly and other representatives of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, claiming, as upholders of the integrity of the Empire, a fair share of representation on the governing boards as well as of the public appointments. Lord Londonderry replied that he was convinced of the loyalty of the Presbyterian body. With regard to public appointments, the first consideration influencing him would be to secure the most efficient public servant for the State, and, at the same time, he desired that all creeds should be fairly represented. He would lose no time in appointing a Presbyterian on the Privy Council.—In the afternoon Lord and Lady Londonderry were present at the conferring of degrees at the Royal University, Dublin. Their Excellencies were cordially received. Lord Emily, as Vice-Chancellor, conferred the degrees, in the absence of the Earl of Dufferin, the new Chancellor. Among the graduates were nine ladies. This is the third year in which nine ladies received the degree of B.A.—The degree of Doctor of Science, *honoris causa*, was conferred upon Dr. James F. F.R.S., the Principal of the Inland Revenue, Somerset House; upon the Rev. Stephen Perry, H.R.S., the distinguished astronomer; and upon Professor James Perry, F.R.S., London.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

No one can say that the conflicting tastes of the playgoing public are not amply satisfied in these days of dramatic liberalism. We read, in old times, of wars waged between classicists and romanticists; even in our own time it was a pitched battle in many an arena as to whether it should be Shakspeare or sensation. But the hatchet is buried. Managers act on their individual responsibility, and trouble their heads very little which party is offended or pleased. One plays Shakspeare and Goethe with more elaboration of scheme, more wealth of fancy, and a greater attempt at idealism than any of his predecessors have ever shown; another goes to the limit of excess in realism by representing a horse-race on boards and a regatta in a tank. Mr. John Douglass, at the Standard—a man of great invention and resource—is not to be outdone by his brethren at the West-End. The Henley Regatta scene in the new drama "A Dark Secret," by Mr. Douglass and Mr. Willing, has so far got the prize for originality in the art of conveying familiar objects to the stage. We have had here and elsewhere, cabs, omnibuses, pony-traps, prison-vans, pleasure-vans, hunters, hounds, jockeys and race-horses. But never before has anybody seen house-boats and canoes, outriggers and gondolas, steam-launches and swans, all actual and real on a fair surface of pure water. From time immemorial, the proper representation of water has been the rock ahead of the most ingenious scene-painter and machinist. Water can be beautifully painted on a cloth, but stage waves, stage billows, and stage surf are as unlike the real thing as anything can possibly be. Once upon a time, so our fathers tell us, the breaking waves upon a pebbly shore were perfectly represented in a magnificent rendering of Handel's "Acis and Galatea." The difficult nut had very nearly been cracked. The hiss of the waves on the beach had nearly been caught, without the aid of one drop of real water. "Acis and Galatea" was revived again at the old Princess's Theatre in my memory, when Herr Formes played Polyphemus, and the same kind of effort was attempted with equal success. But Mr. Douglass thinks that the best imitation of water is the real thing. So he has erected a huge tank upon his stage, upon which the rowers and the melancholy swan disport themselves. It is a pretty picture, with changing effects. First, Henley in sunshine, with all the happy people enjoying a water picnic; next, Henley in waterproofs and ulsters, when a shower descends upon the revellers; last, Henley lighted up at night with coloured lamps and Chinese lanterns—an English version of a Venetian fête. This Henley scene is boldly and bodily annexed to the new drama, which could be played just as well without it. Most certainly, it relieves the gloomy passages of as harrowing a tale as was ever conceived by the weird brain of Sheridan Le Fanu. They have called his novel "Uncle Silas" into requisition for the horrors without which no sensation drama is complete. Two cold-blooded murders on the deserted tower of an old mansion; the incarceration of an innocent woman in a cellar that is ultimately flooded by turning on a tap; and a woman as soundly whipped by another as Marshal Haynau, the woman-flogger, was by the London draymen of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, give surely sufficient food to the lovers of sensational horrors. The new drama does not fall off in interest. It begins with a murder and ends with one, and that is supposed to be a strong recommendation in its favour. The acting displayed is of far more than average merit. Miss Stella Brereton, who personates the persecuted heroine, is an actress of considerable power, notwithstanding her youthful appearance and slight physique. She throws herself thoroughly into her work, and has a considerable hold upon her audience. In contrast to this sensitive and nervous lady, we have Miss Amy Steinberg, with her bright face and cheery manner, who arrives in the nick of time to defend her sister from the assaults of her cowardly aggressor. This is the popular rôle usually assigned in melodrama to the comic man. The part of Uncle Jonas would tax the energies of a Robson or a George Belmore. Mr. Julian Cross gets through his difficulty, considering all things, very well indeed; for the task is no light one for an actor hitherto associated with comic characters. The most distinct, fresh, and original performance was that of Mr. Henry Bedford, who understands the cool impudence of a cockney scamp dead to all sentiment.

It is a far cry from a wild and hysterical drama of this kind to the peaceful and refined drawing-room at St. George's Hall, where I find Mr. Corney Grain, looking as well as ever, relating his autumn experiences of Aix-les-Bains, and making his audience forget the dull despair of November weather in roars of honest laughter. Mr. Grain is an excellent cicerone. He is not ever at the piano burlesquing opera, or singing comic songs, or imitating eccentric people. As often as not, he is walking about taking off somebody, or standing up for a confidential chat with his audience. An observant man is Mr. Grain. He does not allow the chattering couple who sleep next door to him and disturb his slumbers, or the *cocher* of the mountain carriage, or the attendants at the bath, or the porters, or the bores, to go scot-free. He has a word to say of all of them, and winds up with a diminutive little opera, all about Aix, which is one of the best musical parodies he has ever perpetrated. Add to this pianoforte entertainment Mr. Comyns Carr's very amusing comedietta, or rather vaudeville, "A United Pair," and small wonder that the hall is always crowded. Such an evening, so varied, so amusing, and so refined, has a singular charm, and the excellence of the idea is widely recognized.

Contrary to all expectation—prompted, no doubt, by a title in the original that was more witty than wise—there is nothing in the least harmful in "Our Diva." Mr. C. Marshall Rae has done his work well and cleverly, and one more merry opera has been added to London's extensive list. How tastes change! Now the metropolis is mad about melodrama; now laughing over farcical comedy; now listening to the music of the latest French or English composer. Victor Roger, of Paris, is the last candidate for musical honours, and a very clever fellow he appears to be; for to his gifts as a musician he adds a nice sense of humour, that has full play in the musical medleys and *pot-pourris* that he has included in his light and appetising score. A good band and a capital chorus do justice to the Frenchman's music, that caught the public ear directly it was played. Josephine and her sisters are very harmless individuals, as exhibited by Mr. Rae. These dozen darlings are the daughters of a French concierge, who, like a good mother, is anxious to advance their interests in life. She succeeds in doing so, and, with the assistance of the "little pickle" of the family, she gets them all good husbands, and a handsome competence for herself. This good-natured and over-daughtered mother is admirably played by Madame Amadi, long and favourably known to the public, in the best days of the Gaiety, as Miss Connie Tremaine. She has a fine, rich voice, sings in excellent tune, and is, moreover, an excellent actress, of the Mrs. Billington school. By her side, throughout the play, is Miss Minnie Marshall, who has been wisely selected for the *gamine*, so well played in Paris by the Parisians' last idol, Milly Meyer. Miss Marshall is bright, funny, and mischievous, without being obtrusive. Although little known in London, she is evidently an ex-

perienced actress, and is very facile and inventive in what is called "business" on the stage. Mr. Frank Wyatt is as quaint as ever; and though Mr. Celli, possibly through nervousness, was far too serious as a mock-heroic baritone, he sang magnificently, and did every justice to the difficult music. No opera in recent years has been better placed on the stage. The scene, as presented to the spectator, is fascinating and full of colour.

A similar advantage has not been extended to Mr. Walter Parke's "Rhoda," recently produced at the Grand Theatre, Islington. It requires all the correct vocalisation of Miss Kate Chard, all the efforts of Mr. Walsham and Mr. Deane Brand, and all the fun of Mr. Kenny to pull the opera away from the dead weight of an ill-arranged stage and an inefficient orchestra. If "Rhoda" is ever to come to the West the opera must be produced better than that.

Miss Violet Melnotte having, as the comic song says, "made other arrangements," poor "Sister Mary" is turned out into the cold. They have taken compassion on her at the Grand, Islington, where she will be seen until December. Meanwhile the Comedy Theatre is not to be a comedy theatre at all. Music and fun are to take the place of tears and reflection. Miss Farren and Mr. Leslie are to occupy the Comedy boards until the Gaiety is ready for them, and then "Dorothy" goes to the Comedy, with the full Gaiety cast.—The wonderful ballet in imitation of China, called "Dresdina," is announced at the Alhambra for Monday, Nov. 16. In it a very celebrated danseuse, Signorina Sozo, from Berlin and St. Petersburg, will make her first appearance in England.

C. S.

MUSIC.

The performance of Dvorák's oratorio "Saint Ludmila" at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week was its first hearing in London, and inaugurated a new season of Novello's Oratorio Concerts. Three of the solo vocalists (Madame Albani, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley) were the same as at Leeds, the music there assigned to Madame Patey having, last week, been allotted to Miss Hope Glenn. The oratorio was judiciously shortened in the London performance, and would bear still further retrenchment. There is much fine music, especially in the earlier portions, that would leave a stronger impression if disencumbered from some of its surroundings. The choral music was powerfully (in some instances, too powerfully) rendered by the choir trained by Dr. Mackenzie, the appointed conductor of the concerts. The solo music of Ludmila, Borivoj, and Ivan was again finely sung, respectively, by Madame Albani, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley; that for Svatava having been expressively rendered by Miss Hope Glenn. The elaborate and picturesque orchestral details were adequately realised by an excellent band, the performance having been conducted by the composer, who was cordially received.

Madame Adelina Patti's final appearance in London previous to her departure for America, drew an enormous audience to the Royal Albert Hall last week. The great prima donna sang with a freshness of voice, a brilliancy of execution, and a charm of style such as might compare with any of her past performances. In Verdi's "Caro nome," Donizetti's duet "Da quel di" (in association with Signor Nicolini), and in the same composer's cavatina "O luce di quest'anima," two Scotch ballads, "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, sweet home," Madame Patti called forth enthusiastic demonstrations from the immense assemblage which filled every portion of the hall. Vocal solo pieces were contributed by Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. B. M'Guckin (in lieu of Mr. Sims Reeves, indisposed), Signor Nicolini, and Mr. Henschel. Mr. Carrodus played a brilliant violin fantasia, and orchestral pieces were rendered by a select band, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert included the first appearance in England of Herr Julius Klengel, Professor of the Violoncello at the Leipzig Conservatoire. In his execution of a concerto by the late F. R. Volkmann, and of shorter solo pieces, Herr Klengel displayed merits of a high order, and produced a very marked impression. The fine prelude to Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was given for the first time at these concerts; the other orchestral pieces having been too familiar to need specification. Mdlle. Ella Russell, the American prima donna, made her second appearance here, and repeated the success previously gained. The concert of to-day (Saturday) will consist of a performance of Dvorák's "Saint Ludmila," conducted by the composer.

The second of the three autumnal Richter Concerts at St. James's Hall took place last Saturday evening. There was no novelty. Brahms' latest symphony (No. 4) was given for the second time (its first hearing here having been at one of the concerts of the past summer). The programme also comprised orchestral pieces by Beethoven, Wagner, and Liszt, and Berlioz's arrangement of Weber's pianoforte piece, "Aufzorderung zum Tanz." There was but one vocal piece, Berlioz's air, "Absence," sung by Mrs. Hutchinson.

The Monday Popular Concerts began their twenty-ninth season this week with a programme of substantial interest, although devoid of novelty. Mozart's "Divertimento" in B flat for two violins, viola, violoncello, and two horns—which was finely played by Madame Norman-Néruda, Mr. L. Ries, Mr. Hollander, Signor Piatti, and Messrs. Naldrett and Keevil—opened the concert. The lady violinist gave two movements from a series by Raff ("Cyclische Tondichtung") with admirable style and execution—accompanied on the pianoforte by Mdlle. Olga Néruda. Miss Fanny Davies played a caprice and a barcarole by Mendelssohn, with great effect, and the young pianist was associated with Signor Piatti in Rubinstein's sonata for piano and violoncello. Mr. Santley sang pieces by Purcell and Gounod, accompanied by Signor Romili. The first afternoon concert of the series takes place to-day (Saturday).

The sixteenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society opened this week with "Elijah."

This (Saturday) evening a series of performances of French opera will begin at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the management of M. Mayer, favourably known by his direction of previous similar undertakings here. "Faust" is to be given on the first night; and "Carmen" on the following Monday, this with the appearance of Madame Gallie-Marie, the original representative of the title-character.

Owing to his advanced age, the Ven. Archdeacon John Wynne Jones, who has held the Archdeaconry of Bangor since 1863, together with a Canonry in Bangor Cathedral, has placed his resignation in the hands of the Bishop. The reverend gentleman, who is in his eighty-first year, is the oldest clergyman in North Wales, his ordination dating so far back as 1826. He continues to hold the family living of Bodedern, Anglesey.

Among the works of merit in the Exhibition of the Photographic Society, the medal has been awarded to Messrs. Byrne and Co., of Richmond, for a grand panel portrait of a lady in Greek dress, printed in platinotype; the same photographer contributes a group picture, also of grand panel size, of the Princes of Teck, photographed direct; and enlarged portraits of others of the Royal family.

THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

The *Cornhill* has this month little to excite or detain the reader, except the continuation of "Jess," which increases in cleverness and power. Politics are introduced, and the reader learns Mr. Haggard's views of the objects of the Boer leaders. The other contributions are very slight. "From Corinth to the Parthenon" is an agreeable sketch of the most superficial aspects of modern Greek travel. "Trade Journals" depicts the characteristics of this useful class of publications; and "A Prince of Swindlers" describes the career of Anthelme Collet, a scamp of daring genius, who on one occasion personated a Bishop, and uncanonically ordained sixty priests.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* has interesting and well-illustrated papers on a famous English city and a town, Bristol and Coventry, and a continuation of Professor Freeman's account of the still more picturesque, if less important, towns of the south of France. "An Unexpected Dénoûment" is a pretty story; the lines on the Vampyre are interesting as a translation from the Roumanian.

Longman continues "The Children of Gibeon," one of Mr. Besant's masterpieces; and commences "Marrying, and Giving in Marriage," by Mrs. Molesworth, so far a bright and clever, if not a peculiarly exciting or engrossing, story. Mr. Laughton summarises the autobiography of Hobart Pasha very agreeably. An ironical defence of the Royal Academy contends that the Academy, in fact, requires no defence, being impregnable to all attack except that of a Royal Commission.

The most important contribution to *Blackwood* is Lord Brabourne's reply to Mr. Gladstone, which almost inevitably quits the special field of Irish history for general Irish politics. The controversy, therefore, is not likely to produce conviction on either side. "Sarracinesca" is ably continued, and "A Bud that Lived" is a very pretty if not a very probable story. "Memoirs of a Border Manse" are interesting; and there is a deserved tribute to the best modern Irish poet, the late Sir Samuel Ferguson, who seems to have just come short of greatness except in his incomparable ballad, "The Forging of the Anchor," which originally appeared in *Blackwood* itself.

The November number of the *Magazine of Art*, the first part of a new volume, has for frontispiece an etching of C. Van Haanen's "Bead Stringers," with several other engravings from that artist's pictures, together with a succinct account of his life and work. The number overflows with good things, both literary and pictorial.—In looking over the volume, just completed, of this excellent magazine we are forcibly struck with the richness and variety of its contents. It would make a most tasteful Christmas present.

The leading features of the new number of the *Art Journal* are an etched frontispiece, "The Minnow-Catcher," and an illustrated notice of the life and works of Edouard Frère.—The *Art Annual*, which accompanies the *Art Journal*, but is a distinct publication, issued by the same proprietors, is devoted to the life and work of L. Alma Tadema, R.A. Here are collected together some of the best works of this most charming and interesting painter, affording an opportunity of enjoyment to all art lovers that is only second to the Tadema exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery a few years ago. The wood engravings and etchings are well executed, and the account of the painter's career, by Miss Helen Zimmern, is most instructive and interesting.

The *Century*, the English edition of which will for the future be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, makes a great start with the first number of its new volume, almost eclipsing even its history of the Civil War with what promises to be the standard life of President Lincoln, by his secretaries. Dealing with Lincoln's early years, the first instalment is inevitably more occupied with the future President's surroundings than with himself; it conveys a vivid picture of the condition of the American backwoods at the time of his birth, and is profusely illustrated with views and facsimiles. The military contributions treat of the first day's fighting at Gettysburg. Mr. Stockton's "Hundredth Man" bids fair to prove one of his most successful stories. *Harper* has a paper on the literati of New York, graced with excellent portraits; and Madame Adam's history of the formation of her salon, a curious study of French manners. The history of the fall of the late Khedive's iniquitous minister, the Mofetish, is an equally characteristic piece of Orientalism. The *Atlantic Monthly*, which has greatly improved of late, continues Egbert Craddock's admirable Tennessee novel "In the Clouds," and Mr. Hamerton's acute and valuable observations on the contrasts of French and English character. Mr. P. Lowell's account of "A Korean Coup d'Etat" is very vivid; and the commencement of Professor Fiske's history of the making of the American Constitution gives earnest of a valuable book.

Temple Bar continues its admirable criticisms on Balzac, and has a slighter essay on Thoreau, who is, perhaps, taken somewhat too frankly at his own valuation. "The Rulers of the Balkans" embodies lively portraits of the serious and martial King of Roumania, the electioneering Monarch of Servia, and the placid Sovereign of Greece, who, "sometimes suggests an alteration in the uniform of the army, but gives way at once to his responsible advisers."

Other magazines will be noticed next week.

The championship of the North London Rifle Club has been won, for the fourth year in succession, by Private Gus. Rosenthal, of the Hon. Artillery Company; the gold jewels being carried off by Captain Bateman, Hon. Artillery Company; Private McDougall, London Rifle Brigade; Private Rosenthal, Hon. Artillery Company; and Private Lowe, Queen's Westminster Rifles.

The Customs Commissioners have issued their annual report, in which they state that the gross receipts for the year ending March last were £19,916,995, which is a decrease of £806,322 on the year's returns. There is a decrease of £1975 on coffee duty, and this is ascribed by the Commissioners in a great degree to "the notorious adulteration which the pure berry undergoes." The duty receipts for tea and for rum and brandy also show considerable reductions.

The liveries for the servants of the Lord Mayor-Elect, Sir Reginald Hanson, are being prepared by Messrs. Samuel Brothers, of Ludgate-hill, who, we learn, have for many years been intrusted with the execution of orders for civic liveries. The style in vogue during the early part of the reign of George I. has been adopted, and a gorgeous arrangement in brown and black plush and gold is the result. The same firm made the liveries of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

Gravel Pit Wood, Highbury, presented to the Corporation of London by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for preservation as an open space, was on Saturday last formally thrown open to the public by the Lord Mayor. A dinner was given in the evening at the Albion Tavern in honour of the occasion.—Members of the Hornsey Local Board, on being informed that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are willing to sell Churchyard Bottom Wood for £25,000, have confirmed a resolution authorising the preparation of a Bill for power to purchase the wood.

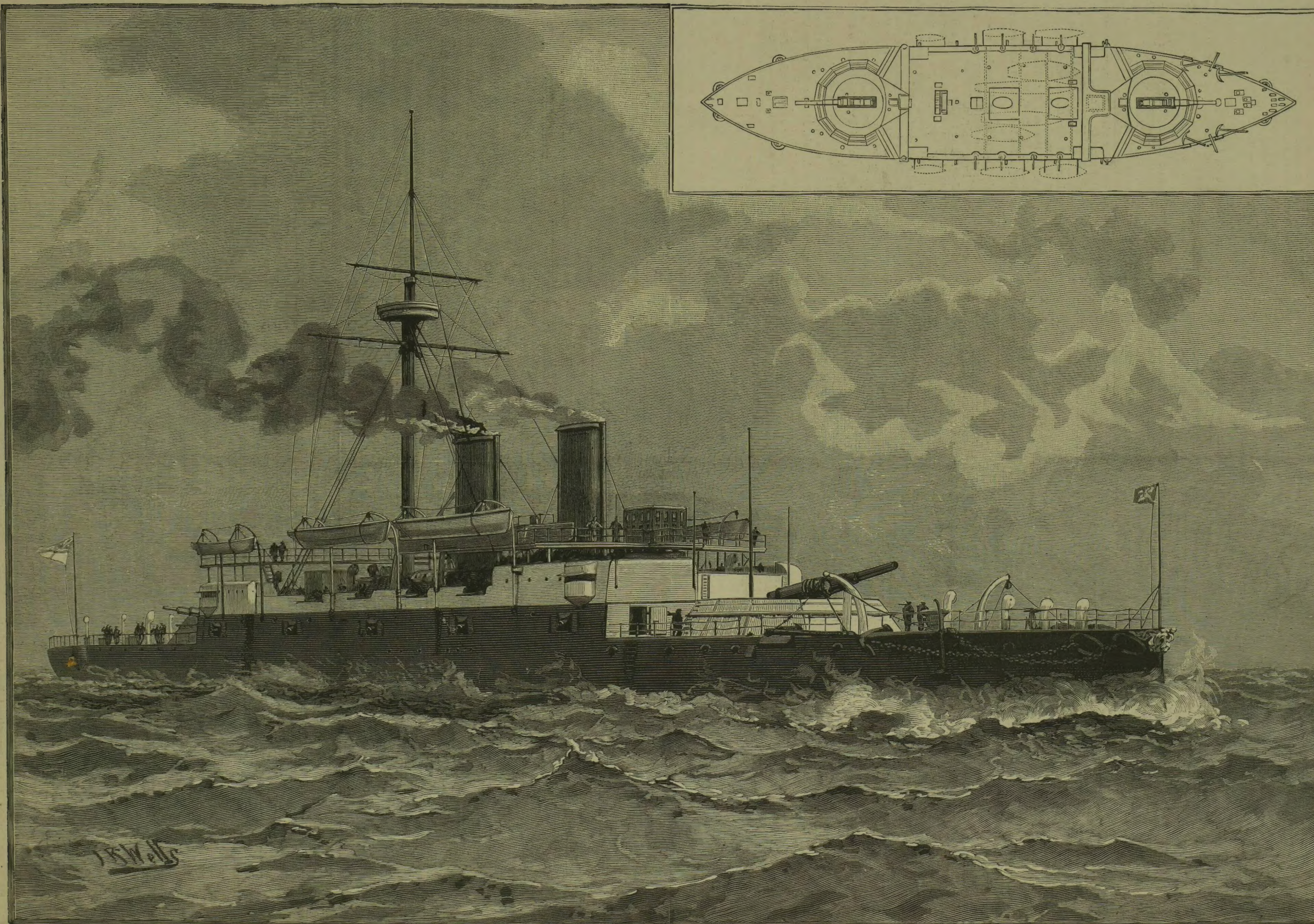


PEASANTRY SEIZING THE POTATO CROP OF AN EVICTED TENANT, NEAR TRALEE, KERRY.



THE RESIDENCE OF THE CURTIN FAMILY, UNDER POLICE PROTECTION.

WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER IN IRELAND.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



H.M.S. BENBOW, TWIN-SCREW ARMOUR-PLATED BARBETTE SHIP.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Nov. 2.

The event of the political week is the voting of the new law concerning primary instruction by 361 votes against 175. This law is a narrow and tyrannical party measure; it gives the State the monopoly of primary education, and makes that education practically anti-clerical and militantly Republican by prescribing what is called "civic instruction." Not only the Conservative but also the Moderate Republican journals protest against this illiberal law, and this introduction of politics into the school-room. If the State schools are not neutral they ought not to be obligatory, whereas the new law renders them both obligatory and not neutral. It is to be feared that this measure is a great mistake. If the Republican régime does not mean respect of the liberties of all, it has no longer any reason to exist.

The nomination of M. De Laboulaye has put an end to the awkward situation resulting from the absence of a French Ambassador at the Court of the Czar. The recall of General Appert, it may be remembered, offended the Czar, who since then has refused to accept every new Ambassador proposed. While recently in Paris, the Grand Duke Wladimir arranged this delicate matter, and so M. De Laboulaye goes to St. Petersburg, and the Baron De Mohrenheim comes back to Paris. M. Paul Cambon, French Resident in Tunis, takes M. De Laboulaye's place as Ambassador at Madrid.

The theatrical week has kept the critics busy. At the Comédie-Française we have had "Monsieur Scapin," by Jean Richepin; at the Eden Theatre, a new ballet, "Viviane"; at the Théâtre de Paris, a drama, "Jacques Bonhomme"; and, at the Gaieté, a comic opera, by Andran, called "La Cigale et la Fourmi." The Théâtre de Paris is the old Théâtre des Nations transformed into a municipal theatre, subsidised and patronised by the Radical Municipal Council. "Jacques Bonhomme" is a political and anti-clerical piece; on the first night the members of the Municipal Council occupied the prominent seats in the house and ostentatiously applauded certain political passages; in short, it is understood that this Théâtre de Paris is to be a centre of revolutionary propaganda in the hands of the Municipal Council. This new demagogic manoeuvre for appealing to the passions of the electors is generally pronounced to be a public scandal. The novelties at the other theatres all proved fairly successful, but the only piece which will probably cross the Channel is "La Cigale et la Fourmi." M. Andran, as he proved in "La Mascotte," has a decided talent for writing popular music, soli and duetti, whose refrains are easily caught by the popular ear. In this new comic opera there are half a dozen airs which will doubtless go the round of Europe. Mlle. Jeanne Granier, who plays the leading rôle in the new piece, is decidedly developing into an excellent lyric artist, and a most intelligent comédienne.

The new room in the Louvre Museum devoted to the French masters of the present century is at length open to the public; and now, for the first time, we can study conveniently the history of modern French painting from David to Henri Regnault. Who is the greatest painter of the century? The two rivals—Ingres and Delacroix—are both represented by some of their best works; but this time there is no longer any room for doubt or hesitation; it is Delacroix who triumphs definitely as the great painter of the century, and after him come the great interpreters of rural nature, Rousseau, Corot, Daubigny, and Chintreuil. The new room is peculiarly amusing and interesting for students of costume and coiffure. The short-waisted dresses of the Empire are shown to advantage in Prudhon's portrait of the Empress Josephine, and in Gerard's portrait of the beautiful Marquise Di Visconti. Then, in Hein's picture of "Charles X. Distributing the Medals after the Exhibition of 1824," we see the costumes of the Restoration, with longer waists, ample skirts, and puffy sleeves, such as the *couturiers* are now once more introducing. In Flandrin's "Lady with a Book," and Regnault's charming portrait of the Comtesse Du Barck, we find the cut and proportions of the costume of the present day, while in the genre pictures we can study every detail of the costume of the middle classes; and in the so-called historical pictures, all the varieties of costume that have ever been worn or dreamed of, from the costumes of goddesses and nymphs to the costume of the Algerine women in Delacroix's "Jewish Wedding at Algiers." Unfortunately, in the new room of the Louvre we see by too numerous examples what poor service chemical science has rendered to modern painting. In less than fifty years, half the pictures of this nineteenth century will have disappeared. While all the old pictures, from those of Giotto to those of Boucher, are admirably preserved and brilliant in colour, the modern ones, from Girodet's "Atala" to Delacroix's "Dante," are all cracking and fading, and gradually vanishing in a process of chemical decomposition.

The parchments recording the donation of Chantilly to the Institute of France were presented to the President of the Institute, on Saturday, in a splendidly bound volume, which will be placed in the archives. According to this document, the Duc d'Aumale reserves the usufruct of Chantilly during his life, and it is now generally believed that the decree of exile passed against him will be revoked, and that he will be allowed to return to France and devote the remainder of his life to completing and putting in order his magnificent gift. The approximate value of the donation is estimated thus: land, 21 millions of francs; buildings, 10 millions; objects of art, pictures, library, &c., at least 15 millions. When all mortgages, burdens, and legacies have been paid, the Institute of France will derive from Chantilly an annual revenue of 350,000 fr.

The Parisians are awaiting with indifferent scepticism the moment when the secret of living on starvation will be revealed to them. The Italian faster, Succi, has arrived with his fortune, and that of the whole of humanity, packed in a little leather hand-bag. This bag, it appears, contains two bottles, in one of which is the liquor that Succi drinks while he is fasting, and in the other a deadly poison. At the end of his thirty days' fast a few drops of this poison will be administered to a dog or some other animal, and the animal will die, while Succi will drink a pint of the poison, and live.

T. C.

The Emperor of Germany left Berlin on Friday, last week, for Hubertusstock, near Berlin, to attend a hunting party in honour of St. Hubert. The King of Saxony, Princes Albert and Henry of Prussia, and Prince George of Saxony took part in the hunt. His Majesty returned to Berlin last Saturday evening. Prince Leopold of Prussia took his farewell of the Emperor on Friday, and started for Brindisi, whence he sailed for India on a visit to his sister, the Duchess of Connaught. The Crown Prince and his family arrived at Milan last Saturday evening, and left again for Monza in a Royal train placed at their disposal by King Humbert. On Sunday night the International Fine-Arts Exhibition at Berlin, opened last May, was ceremoniously closed with music, speech-making, and banqueting. At the banquet, which was held in the huge restaurant hall of the exhibition, Sir Frederick Leighton, who had been specially

invited for the occasion, made an excellent speech in replying to the toast of his health; and, in the name of the English nation, wished all success to German art. Sir Frederick's remarks, delivered in fluent German, were received with enthusiastic applause.—In the Estimates of the Imperial Home Ministry for 1887-8, presented to the Federal Council, figures the sum of 19,000,000 marks, the first instalment of the cost of construction of the North Sea and Baltic Canal.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, accompanied by M. Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, arrived at Gran, on Oct. 30, on his visit to Cardinal Simor, the Primate of Hungary, who is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. His Majesty, who was enthusiastically cheered by the people, drove to the Primate's Palace, at the entrance of which his Eminence was awaiting him.—The Austrian Reichsrath was prorogued on Friday, last week, after having passed the third reading of the Ten Years Commercial Treaty with Hungary.—An unsatisfactory Budget, showing an increased deficit, has been presented to the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies.—The festival of All Saints is kept as a public holiday in Vienna, so there was the usual suspension of business on Monday.

King Leopold, in reply to a deputation of engineers, who presented an address in reference to the Congo Railway, remarked that, owing to the Customs barriers in foreign countries becoming more strict, he was anxious that Belgian industry and commerce should find outlets in Africa.—A demonstration, organised by the Working People's Leagues, to demand universal suffrage and an amnesty for those convicted during the strikes, was held on Sunday, at Charleroi. The gathering was enormous but orderly.

Sir William White was received in audience by the Sultan on Tuesday, when he presented his credentials as British Ambassador to Turkey.

The Bulgarian Government, yielding to the ultimatum sent in by General Kaulbars, released the accused officers on Sunday; but on the same day the Sobranje formally met at Tirnova, when M. Stambuloff delivered the opening address. It is stated that the Bulgarian Regency have been advised to submit unconditionally to the demands of the Czar so as to avoid a Russian occupation, and by declaring their inability to deal with the situation, to throw the responsibility on the Powers.

Prince Napoleon was received on Monday by President Cleveland. The 25th inst. has been fixed as the date of Thanksgiving Day this year. Renewed shocks of earthquake are reported from the neighbourhood of Charleston, South Carolina.—M. Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island was dedicated on Thursday week. President Cleveland, the several Ministers of the United States, M. De Lesseps, Admiral Jaurès, and the other French guests witnessed the procession from a grand stand in the Fifth-avenue. The President afterwards proceeded to Bedloe's Island, and the statue having been unveiled, he accepted it in the name of the American nation.—A terrible disaster has occurred on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad. A freight-train ran upon a siding near Portage, Wisconsin, to permit a fast express-train to pass. The brakeman was slow in shifting the switch, and as the express followed closer than was expected, and came round a curve which concealed the switch lights, it ran off the rails into the bank alongside the line. Several of the leading cars were wrecked. Before the passengers in them could be rescued the debris caught fire, and the whole mass was quickly in a blaze. Thirteen persons who were in one of the cars were burned to death in sight and hearing of those passengers who had escaped. Two children were passed through the window of one carriage by their mother, who, being herself unable to follow, perished in the flames.—Mr. Hewitt has been elected Mayor of New York. The complete returns show that Mr. Hewitt received 90,296 votes, Mr. Henry George 67,699, and Mr. Roosevelt 60,392.

Sir Arthur Havelock, Governor of Natal, announced last week, in the Legislative Council, that the Secretary of State had declined to undertake the government of Zululand. The Legislative Council have abandoned the intention of stopping the Supplies.

The Viceroy of India started on his tour on Thursday week. His Excellency will visit Bhawalpur, Lahore, Baroda, Goa, Bombay, Hyderabad, Bangalore, Madras, and Pondicherry, and will reach Calcutta on Dec. 13. The Viceroy arrived at Lahore on Monday evening, and met with a brilliant reception.

The following is the result of the race for the Melbourne Cup, which was run at Melbourne, Australia, last Tuesday:—Arsenal, 1; Trenton, 2; Silver Mine, 3.

The terms of the Convention entered into with China by the English Government states that China agrees that in all matters appertaining to the authority and rule which England is now exercising in Burmah, England shall be free to do whatever she deems fit and proper.

Models of the Queen of Spain and her infant son have been added to Madame Tussaud's exhibition. The Queen is represented in the act of signing the pardon of the revolutionists.

General the Hon. Sir Arthur Edward Hardinge, K.C.B., C.I.E., has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the city and garrison of Gibraltar.

A double-sculling handicap was rowed on the Thames last Saturday. The winners were Teemer and Hamm, who in the final heat obtained an easy victory.

Mr. M. R. Kelly, J.P., of Fargrove, in the county of Clare, was shot at and wounded in the leg whilst driving home last Saturday from Ennis, where he had been attending the Quarter Sessions. Six arrests have been made.

A three days' exhibition in connection with Dumfries and Galloway Natural History and Antiquarian Society was held in Greyfriars' Hall, Dumfries, at the close of last week. The collection of antiquities was large and valuable.

The Princess of Wales has consented to become patroness of the Scandinavian Sailors' Temperance Home, and has given £50 towards the erection of a new building for this institution. Lord Blantyre has promised £1000; and several other English and Scandinavian gentlemen and ladies certain sums, so that the fund now amounts to about £3000.

The Edinburgh International Exhibition was closed last Saturday night. During the six months the number of visitors was 2,740,000. Financially, the Exhibition has been a great success, the surplus amounting to about £17,000.—The Art Treasures Exhibition at Folkestone was closed last Saturday. During the five months it was open to the public 242,519 visitors passed the turnstiles.

The relief funds which have been in course of collection at the Mansion House during the present Mayoralty have been closed. For the unemployed poor of London £78,629 was raised, and for the Hospital Sunday Fund £40,402, being the largest sum ever collected in one year for that object. Smaller sums have been collected in response to foreign and colonial appeals—viz., for the sufferers by the earthquake in Greece, £4079; for the Charleston sufferers, £3034; and for the relief of the distress caused by the hurricane at St. Vincent, £1312.

H.M.S. BENBOW.

The official trials of the new twin-screw armour-plated barquette-ship Benbow, the latest vessel of the Admiral class, recently built at Blackwall by the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company, were brought to a very successful conclusion on Saturday. This ship, named after a famous old Admiral, John Benbow, who commanded the English fleet in the West Indies at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was launched on June 15, 1885, Mrs. Gladstone, wife of the Prime Minister at that time, performing the baptismal ceremony. The dimensions of the Benbow are—length, 330 ft.; breadth, 68 ft. 6 in.; depth, 37 ft. 1½ in.; displacement, 10,016 tons. The proposed armament was two 110-ton guns, ten 6-inch guns, twelve rapid-firing guns, fourteen machine-guns, and a number of torpedoes; but this may be subject to reconsideration. The steam-boilers and machinery have been made, and fitted on board, by Messrs. Maudslay, Sons, and Field, of London.

The trials were made under the superintendence of Captain Alexander Buller, C.B., A.D.C., the vessel being in command of Captain Crofton, of the Medway Steam Reserve. The navigating duties were performed by Staff Commander Rapson, of H.M.S. Pembroke. Mr. Roffey, C.R., Chief Inspector of Machinery, and Mr. H. W. White, Fleet Engineer, were present on behalf of the Medway Steam Reserve; while the Admiralty Department was represented by Mr. Butler, Engineer-Inspector. Mr. W. Maudling, R.N., Second Assistant to the Chief Engineer of Chatham Dockyard, attended on behalf of the dockyard authorities for the first trial; Mr. Bedbrook, Chief Engineer at Chatham, was present at the trial under forced draught. Mr. J. Yates, Constructor of Chatham Dockyard, who has superintended the building of the vessel, represented the Constructive Department. The engines were in charge of Mr. H. Warriner, the manager for the contractors of the machinery, who were further represented by the Hon. G. Duncan, Mr. Walter Maudslay, and Mr. Charles Sells. Mr. Mackrow, the naval architect, and Mr. Hayward, manager for the Thames Ironworks Company were also present.

The Benbow left Sheerness on Thursday morning for the natural draught trial; the weather proved very favourable; the engines worked smoothly, and there were no signs of priming in the boilers. The trial was of four hours' duration, and the mean results were—Pressure of steam at engines, 86 lb.; vacuum, starboard, 25.5 in., port, 24.8 in.; revolutions of engines, starboard, 95.14, port, 96.34; mean pressure in cylinders, high pressure, starboard, 46.84 lb., port, 43.63 lb.; low pressure, starboard, 11.49 lb., port, 12.43 lb.; total indicated horse power, 8614, being 1114-horse power over that required by the contract. The draught of the vessel was 22 ft. 3 in. forward, and 24 ft. 6 in. aft. The mean speed was 16.3 knots. At the conclusion of the trial she returned to the Nore, and anchored for the night.

The trial under forced draught took place on Saturday, the Benbow starting from the Nore as soon as the officials and visitors were on board. Mr. Arthur B. Forwood, M.P., Secretary to the Admiralty; Mr. W. H. White, C.B., Chief Constructor of the Navy; and Mr. Joshua Field, of the contractor's firm, were present, in addition to those already mentioned. The fans for maintaining the pressure of air in the boiler-rooms being set to their normal velocity, the steam soon rose to the required height, and the four hours' trial opened shortly before noon. It proceeded to its close without interruption or mishap of any kind, the engines working well and smoothly throughout, and the boilers giving an ample supply of steam without any tendency to priming. The mean results were as follows:—Pressure of steam at engines, 89.6 lb.; vacuum, starboard, 28.4 in., port, 27.1; revolutions, starboard, 100.99, port, 102.44; indicated horse power, starboard, 5410.68, port, 5441.94; collective indicated horse power, 10,852.63. The speed of the vessel was 17½ knots. The results of each half-hour's trial were considered very satisfactory. At the conclusion of the four hours' trial, a short trial was made with the centrifugals stopped, and the condensers being used as jet condensers, which proved satisfactory. The Benbow returned to Sheerness on Saturday evening, and proceeded afterwards to Chatham, where she will be completed and got ready for commission.

The municipal elections were held on Monday in the English and Welsh boroughs, but in a large number of them the contests had little political significance.

The new building for the Guildhall School of Music on the Thames Embankment will be opened by the Lord Mayor-Elect (Alderman Sir R. Hanson) next Thursday, with 3000 students.

Mr. Alfred Thomas, M.P., opened at Cardiff yesterday week the Llamshen Waterworks, which have a capacity of 317,000,000 gallons, for the use of the town.

Another Munich stained-glass window has been placed in the church of Morhanger, near Bedford, being the third window executed in this church by Messrs. Mayer and Co.

A Soldiers' Home, provided by national subscription as a memorial to the late Major-General Stewart, was opened at Dorchester yesterday week, in presence of a large gathering of friends of the gallant soldier from all parts of the kingdom.

The Lord Mayor yesterday week presented prizes to the winners at the Turners' Company's Exhibition at the Mansion House, and complimented that Company on the measures they had adopted to encourage the art of turning.

A woman named Skinner, employed at the paper-making works of Messrs. Joynson and Co., St. Mary Cray, while engaged in sorting rags, found a large quantity of French coins and foreign postal notes, to the value of £40, concealed in the lining of that part of a lady's dress which rhymes with "rustle."

A public meeting was held at the Hove Townhall on Monday in support of a proposal to erect a new parish church for Hove on a site given by Mr. V. F. Bennett-Stanford. Viscount Hampden, Lord Lieutenant of the county, presided, supported by the Bishop of Chichester. Subscriptions to the amount of £1700 were promised.

The London School Board have decided not to accede to the memorial of the Trades Council to abstain from giving the printing contract to a non-society firm, and the lowest tender has been accepted.—The Rev. Joseph Diggle, chairman of the London School Board, presided on Monday night at a largely attended meeting held in Ponton-road, Nine Elms, in connection with the opening of a new school in that neighbourhood. The school has cost £25,000 in all, £14,000 being for the cost of the land, and £11,700 for the cost of building.

At a public meeting of the principal citizens of Glasgow yesterday week, it was unanimously resolved to hold an Exhibition in that city in 1888. The grounds of Kelvin-grove Park, at the west end of the city, were fixed as the site. The entire area to be utilized extends to about thirty-nine acres, and the covered space to about eight acres and a half. A motion was submitted to the effect that the Exhibition should be exclusively Scottish, but by 55 votes to 7 it was resolved that it should be international. The guarantee fund, it was stated, already amounts to upwards of £70,000.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

Alderman Sir Reginald Hanson, the new Lord Mayor of London, was born on May 31, 1840, son of the late Mr. S. Hanson, the head of the firm of Samuel Hanson and Son, wholesale fruit-dealers, of Botolph-lane. His family have been connected with the ward of Billingsgate for 144 years, and he himself was born in the same house in Botolph-lane as his grandfather and father were. He was educated at Rugby in the head masterships of Dean Goulburn and Dr. Temple (now Bishop of London), and proceeded thence to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the usual degrees of B.A. and M.A. After a visit to Australia he entered his father's business, and he joined the London Rifle Brigade, with twenty-five of his clerks, at the commencement of the Volunteer movement, in which corps he remained till 1880. In 1873 he was elected a member of the Common Council for Billingsgate ward. He was chairman of the Library and the Local Government and Taxation Committees. Twice he has been a member of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Entertainment Committee. He has been a churchwarden of three parishes, a member of the Philological Society, and auditor of the Early English Text Society. In 1880, on the retirement of Mr. Alderman Sidney, he was elected Alderman of the ward, and in 1881-2 he served the office of Sheriff, in the mayoralty of Alderman Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, Bart. He was knighted, with his colleague, on the occasion of the visit of the Queen to Epping Forest. Subsequently he was member for three years of the London School Board. He is chairman of the Council of the London Chamber of Commerce, and chairman of the Additional Commissioners of Income Tax for the City. He is a well-known Freemason, and is in politics a Conservative. He married, in 1866, a daughter of Mr. C. B. Bingley, of Stanhope Park, Middlesex, and has four children.

Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Henry A. Isaacs was born in the Ward of Aldgate in 1830. He is the son of



THE RIGHT HON. ALDERMAN SIR REGINALD HANSON, THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

the late Mr. Michael Isaacs, by Sara, daughter of the late Señor De Mendoza, one of the family to which the late Lord Beaconsfield was related in the maternal line. Alderman Henry Isaacs is head of the firm of Messrs. M. Isaacs and Sons, fruit brokers, of Monument-yard; and Messrs. M. Isaacs, Sons, and Shaw, of Hull. Amongst other important offices, he occupies the post of director of the General Steam Navigation Company; the London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company, and the Fire Insurance Association. He also stands high in the ranks of Freemasonry, having held the highest office in both Craft Lodges and Royal Arch Chapters. He is one of her Majesty's Lieutenants of the City, and a Past Master of the Loriners' Company. It is more than twenty years since he was returned for the Ward of Aldgate; he has performed good work as chairman of the Corn and Coal Finance Committee. He married, in 1849, a daughter of Captain A. M. Rowland.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kirby, the other Sheriff, was born in Wood-street, Cheapside, in 1841, eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Freestone Kirby, of Aldersgate; he received his education at the City of London School. He is sole proprietor of the Deptford Distillery, trading as Holland and Co. Five-and-twenty years ago he was attached to a cavalry regiment, quartered at Aldershot. He filled the post of Adjutant to a yeomanry regiment seven years; during the last four years he has been Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the Tower Hamlets Engineers. Having retired from military life, he went into business. Previously, he had owned large hotels in Essex, Bucks, and Herts. He is a magistrate for the county of Kent, a Commissioner of Income Tax, a member of several City Companies, and a liberal supporter of the Licensed Victuallers' School and Asylum and other charities. He married, in 1869, the only daughter of Mr. W. Dawson, of Maidenhead, and has a family.

The above memoirs are abridged from the *City Press*. The Portraits are from photographs by Mr. A. Bassano, of Old Bond-street.



MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF ISAACS.

THE COLOSSAL STATUES OF BAMIAN.

The existence of the great statues of Bamian has been long known to Indian archaeologists, but correct drawings of them, or reliable measurements, have never been brought home till now. At last they have been drawn and measured in a manner that can be depended upon; this is one of the many important results of the Afghan Boundary Commission. Officers of the Survey Department accompanied the Commission, and they have been busy at work all the time: the outcome of this will be reliable maps of the region. To carry out this the survey officers have gone off on excursions in various directions; last November, Captain the Hon. M. G. Talbot, R.E., started, along with Captain Maitland, of the Political Department, on a survey route through the Koh-i-Baba, or Paropamisus range. They went eastward along the Heri-Rud valley, from near Obeh, till they reached Bamian, a line of travel over which almost no European had before passed. Ferrier may perhaps have gone over a small portion of it at the western end. It is to Captain Maitland that we are indebted for the Sketches of these great statues, as well as the remains of paintings on the walls of the niches and caves.

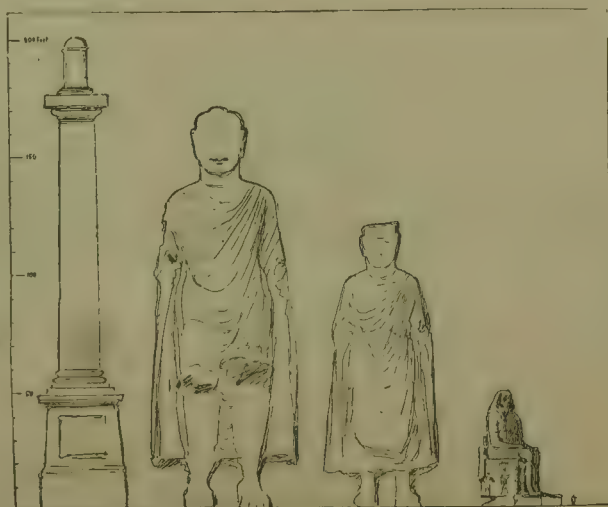
Bamian is on the road between Cabul and Balkh, where it crosses the Paropamisus range. The situation is high, being somewhere about 8500 ft. above the sea. The rock is conglomerate, or pudding-stone, of which there is a high cliff in the valley. In this, at an early period, probably during the first centuries of the Christian era, Buddhist monks excavated caves. These are in large numbers at Bamian—"extending for miles"—but there are numerous groups of caves beside, extending northward, along the road as far as Haibak. Judging by the remains in the Jelalabad valley, these caves would not be the only viharas or monasteries; there would be built structures as well. When Hwen-Tsang, the Chinese pilgrim, visited Bamian, about 630 A.D., he states that there were 1000 monks at it, and ten convents. He describes Bamian as a kingdom; but now we only know the spot from its caves and the great statues, which are remains of



LIEUT.-COLONEL AND SHERIFF KIRBY.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS OF LONDON.

Buddhism, and not, so far as is known, the remains of anything like a capital city of a kingdom. There stands near to this spot the ruins of an old city, known as Ghulghula, which was utterly destroyed by Genghis Khan, in the thirteenth century. He gave the order that not a soul was to be spared—man, woman, or child—all were to be slaughtered: the order was fulfilled, and the place has been a ruin ever since. Ghulghula may have been the principal city, of which Bamian was only a sort of suburb. This is confirmed by the Chinese pilgrim, who states that the statues were on "the north-east of the Royal city." Alexander, in passing from Bactria to India, crossed the Paropamisus range either at Bamian, or near to it; but the historians who describe his doings give no mention of the statues. This is, so far, evidence as to their non-existence at that time. It is also understood, as confirmation of this, that Buddhism could not have spread so far northwards at that early date. Hwen-Tsang, the Chinese pilgrim, is the earliest writer to mention the statues. In later times, they have been described by travellers, who have given them little more than a passing notice. Amongst these may be mentioned Burnes, Mohun Lal, who accompanied Burnes, Masson, and Sir Vincent Eyre—who was one of the prisoners in the first Afghan war. The latest notice is that of Dr. Yavorski, who accompanied Stolétieff's mission to Cabul in 1878, and has published an account of the mission in Russian. These writers have generally done little more than repeat the local traditions respecting



COMPARATIVE SIZES OF MONUMENTS WITH THE TWO COLOSSAL STATUES OF BAMIAN.

the place, which are now chiefly of a Mohammedan kind. The statues are known in the present day as Sal Sal and Shah Mameh, and the Bacheh, or child. The Hindoos, of which there are a few scattered about in Afghanistan, have also their own legends regarding them. All wonderful things in nature or art in India they attribute to the work of the *Panch Pandu Ke Bhai*, or the Five Pandu Brothers; and of course, according to their ideas, the great figures at Bamian could only be produced by these heroes of the Mahabharata.

There are five statues at Bamian; three of them are in niches, which have been cut out, the figures being formed of the rock within the niche. The largest statue has been produced in this way. Its size has been variously estimated by travellers, some putting it at 100 ft., and others as high as 150 ft. Captain Talbot used a theodolite, and found that all previous estimates had been short of the truth. The figure is 173 ft. high, which is only 29 ft. lower than the London monument, the exact measurement of it being 202 ft. The Nelson column in Trafalgar-square is 176 ft., just three feet higher than the Bamian figure, and thus giving almost an exact counterpart of its height. If a general meeting of all the colossal statues of the world could be brought about,—if the Memnon figures from the banks of the Nile could come (they are 51 ft. high, and would be taller if they could stand up out of their seats); the four Great Guardians in front of the Temple of Ipsambul (these are also sitting figures, about 50 ft. high); the bronze Dai Bootz of Japan—



THE ROCK-CUT STATUES OF BAMIAN, CENTRAL ASIA: THE LARGEST STATUE.
DRAWN BY MR. W. SIMPSON, FROM SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN P. J. MAITLAND, AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

if we can imagine to be reproduced for the occasion the statue of Athene, made by Phidias for the Parthenon, which was 39 ft. in height; or the Olympian Jupiter, of the same artist, 60 ft. high, a statue celebrated for its great size, as well as for its perfect workmanship; or even the still greater Colossus of Rhodes, the records of its height varying from 100 ft. to 120 ft.: if all these—and they are all well known to fame—were to meet at one place, and the hitherto almost unknown Bamian great statue were to appear among them, what pigmies most of them would then seem! The colossal Apollo of Rhodes, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, would lose all pretence to superiority in height as he had to look up 53 ft.—at the lowest estimate—to the gigantic strangers from Bamian. The new “Liberty” statue at New York is 105 ft. high, on a pedestal of 83 ft., but the raised hand and torch, 137 ft.

The Chinese pilgrim estimated the height of the largest statue as 140 or 150 feet. In all probability it was originally gilt, for, in his short description of it, he says:—“Its golden hues sparkle on every side, and its precious ornaments dazzle the eyes by their brightness” (Professor Beal’s translation). Captain Talbot says that the folds of the drapery have been laid on with stucco. Local tradition asserts that when the soldiers of Timur, who were Mohammedans, passed on their

way to the invasion of India, they shot arrows at the idols; and that the troops of Nadir Shah fired artillery at them. This is to account for the dilapidated condition of the lower limbs of the figure. It will be noticed that there are small holes in the broken parts; these are supposed to have been made for wooden pegs to support mortar or stucco, which had been used in repairing the defects. As the Mohammedans would most willingly destroy such objects of idolatry, we must suppose that the efforts to restore the figure must have taken place as early as the time of the Buddhists. At the feet of the statue there are entrances, with communicate with stairs and galleries, so that the top of the figure can be reached.

Hwen-Tsang distinctly states that it is a figure of Buddha. This is of some importance, because it has been suggested that the figures belonged to the pre-Buddhist period. Captain Maitland’s drawings are quite sufficient to determine this point, and the Buddhist character of the figures need no longer be a question of doubt. There is the well known knob on the top of the head; the long ears, and the drapery arranged in folds, which all know who are familiar with Buddhist art. The influence left by the Greeks in Bactria, and which is so manifest in all the Buddhist remains in the Peshawur district, as well as in the Jelalabad valley, seems to be wanting at

Bamian, or at least is so slight that it scarcely attracts notice. This is rather remarkable, as it might be expected that the farther north from India, the greater would have been the increase of the Greek influence.

[The foregoing account of the Bamian rock-cut statues and cells is written by Mr. W. Simpson, our Special Artist, who accompanied the Afghan Boundary Commission in its first period, under General Sir Peter Lumsden, from November, 1884, to February, 1885. Mr. Simpson has, since his return to England, been in correspondence with Captain Talbot and Captain Maitland, from whom he received the notes and drawings, illustrative of Bamian, which were laid before the Royal Asiatic Society, and fully discussed, at a meeting on March 15, presided over by Colonel Yule. This discussion, with remarks by Mr. Simpson, is reported in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, and has also been issued in a separate pamphlet. We shall give, next week, the conclusion of Mr. Simpson’s article, with several more Engravings drawn by him from Captain Maitland’s Sketches, representing the Second Great Statue at Bamian, the caves in the face of the rock near that statue, the Fourth Statue, with adjacent caves, and some fragments of the paintings still visible in the niches of the statues and on the roofs of the caves.]

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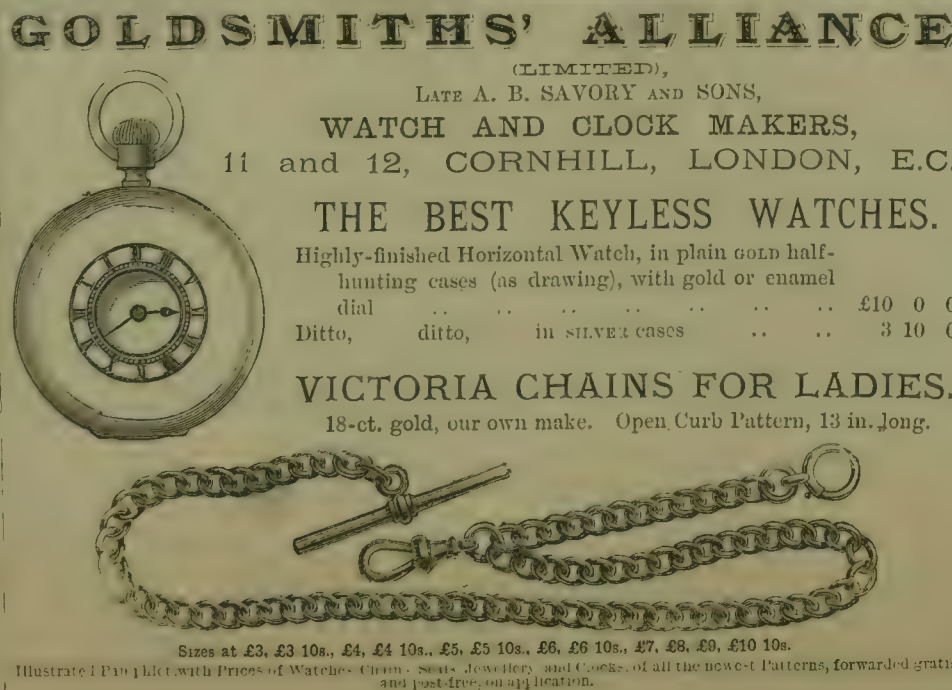
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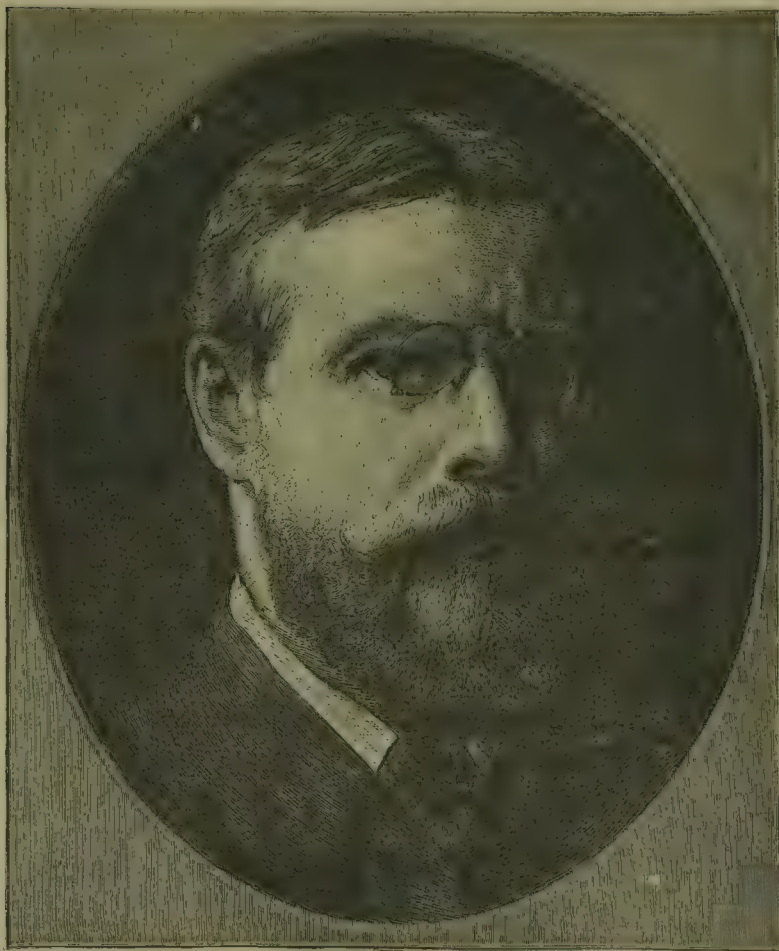
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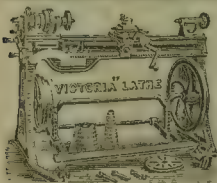
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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

She suffered Jack to conduct her to her chair, which was waiting without.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT.

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBRON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

ALAS! POOR BESS!

Alas! poor Bess!

You have heard how she spent the first day, and with what a heavy heart she went to bed. In the morning she plucked up heart a little. As for what the Lieutenant said to her father, what matter if he did say that she was already married? It was his joke—Jack would ever have his joke. He had been busy all day. The evening he must needs spend with the Admiral, his patron and benefactor. But he would not—he could not—fail to see her the second day. So again she dressed in her best, and repaired early to her place in the Apothecary's parlour, where she took her seat and waited. But she laughed no longer, nor did she prattle. Jack came not; he was in London, taking a lodging in Ryder-street, and buying brave things in which to wait upon his Lordship. And the third day she went again—but now with white cheeks and heavy eyes, and she rocked herself to and fro, replying nothing, whatever Mr. Brinjes might say to her.

In the afternoon of that day I went in search of her, being anxious, and dreading mischief.

"I know not," said Mr. Westmoreland, getting off the stool, "I know not, indeed, Mr. Luke, what hath happened to the girl, nor where she is, unless she is in Mr. Brinjes' parlour, where most of her days are spent. These three days she hath forgotten to give me any meals, and hath left me alone all day; while in the evening, when I come home, she either sits mum or she goes up-stairs. Nothing disturbs the mind in the midst of logarithms more than a doubt whether there will be any dinner to eat or any supper. At this time of the year I commonly look for soft cheese and a cucumber. But now I have to get what I can. I know not what ails her. If I did know I question whether I could find any remedy, seeing that she is so headstrong. Sometimes I doubt whether there is some love trouble on her mind. Yet I know not with whom. It cannot be with Aaron Fletcher, because she has refused the young man several times. Besides, his affairs are said to be well-nigh desperate, his boat being lost, his yard burned down, his boat-building business thrown away; yet, if it is not Aaron, who can it be? Because, Sir, though my daughter hath her faults, and those many, being as to temper equalled only by her mother, now in Abraham's bosom, or—perhaps elsewhere," he added, being a truthful man; "yet, she is not one who courts the company of men, nor listens willingly to the voice of love."

Mr. Brinjes, though it was in the afternoon, was talking with his assistant in his shop.

"You will find her," he said, "within. I have left her for five minutes, for it teases me to see her thus despairing. The worst has yet to come, because she is not a girl to sit down peaceably under this contempt. Well, for that matter, every sailor is inconstant, if you please; and the women know it, and expect it. But Bess is no common Poll of the Point, who looks for nothing else than to be forgotten. Nor did she first seek him out. Yet I knew what would happen, because such love as his was too hot to last—else would it burn him up. There was a Bristol man in Captain Roberts' company was consumed for love of a young Coromantyn girl, wasting away and crying out that he was on fire, yet never happy unless she was at his side. It is a natural witchery which a few women possess, by which they make men love them, and draw the very soul out of the man they love. Bess hath this power: she can make any man love her, and when she loves a man she can bewitch him so that he shall never be happy but at her feet. Why, Jack hath forgotten her. Yet it is most true that, if he but come back to her for a single day, he would fall at her feet again."

Nay," I said, "he is already in love with another woman."

"Miss Castilla, the Admiral's daughter. It is a passing fancy, because she is a pretty creature, small and slender. But to compare her with Bess!—to think that a man can love her as he can love Bess! There, you know nothing of love. Go in there, and I will follow. I have known," he continued, being garrulous, as old men often are, "I have known such cases as this of Bess—the jealous woman who hath been forgotten—ay, I have known them by the hundred. Sometimes they take it with a sudden rage; sometimes they cry out for a knife, and would kill their faithless lover first and themselves next; sometimes they throw themselves into the water; sometimes they murder the other woman; sometimes they laugh, and lay by for a chance of revenge. One woman I knew who concealed her wrath for twenty years, but revenged herself in the end. Sometimes they make up their minds that it matters little. This case is peculiar; for the patient is not in a rage—as yet; nor has she called for a knife—as yet; nor has she promised to hang herself—as yet; but she sits and waits; and all the time the humours are mounting to the brain; so that we are only at the beginning of the disorder, and my forecast as to this disease is, my lad, that we shall have trouble. What? Is a fine high-spirited girl to be shoved aside into the gutter without a word said, or any cause pretended? Not so, Sir; not so. There will be trouble."

I passed into the parlour with trepidation. Bess lifted her head. Her face was pale and haggard; wildness was in her eyes.

"Where is he?" she cried. "You call yourself my friend, yet you come without him. Where is he?"

"I do not know, Bess, where he is, unless that he is somewhere in London."

"I believe it is you who have kept him from me—yet you call yourself my friend. You have set him against me. Though what you have found to say I know not. I have not so much as looked at another man since he went away, and I have kept his secret for him, so that no one suspects. How dare you put yourself between my sweetheart and me?"

"Indeed, Bess," I told her, "I have said nothing against you. I have not put myself between Jack and you. I have said nothing."

Then she began to rail at me for my silence. Why had I not spoken of her? Why had I not reminded him of his faith and promised constancy? "And where is he," she repeated, "that he does not come to me? Is he afraid of me? Doth he try to hide himself out of my way?"

I told her that he was in lodgings in town, and that his time was taken up with his affairs. And then, because she began to upbraid me again, I thought it was better to tell her the truth, and, therefore, said plainly that the Lieutenant loved her no longer; that he had indeed, given me to understand, without the possibility of a mistake, that the past was clean forgotten, and gone out of his mind.

I was sorry—truly, I was sorry—for the poor creature. For every word I said was nothing less than a dagger into her heart. A man must have been as hard-hearted as a

Romish inquisitor not to have felt sorry for her. She heard me with parted lips and panting breath. Is there, I wonder, a more dreadful task than to be the messenger to tell a fond woman that the man she loves now loathes her?

Seeing that she received my information with no more outward symptom of wrath, I began to point out, to the best of my ability, that Lieutenant Easterbrook, when he fell in love with her, was still less than twenty years of age, who had been for six years separated from his countrywomen, and had forgotten what an Englishwoman should be; that he might have fallen in love with one of his own rank, but for his long wanderings among savages and his imprisonment with common sailors, which had left him rough and rude in manners; that things were now quite changed, because he was not only an officer of some rank, but was now a gallant gentleman, keeping company of the best, and might, if he desired, marry an heiress; that his long silence ought to have prepared her for the change in his disposition; and that, seeing nobody except Mr. Brinjes and myself knew of what had happened, a wise and prudent girl would show her pride, and take her revenge by showing that she cared nothing for his neglect. In fact, I said, on this occasion, all that was proper to be said. Mr. Brinjes sat silent in his chair, but kept his eye upon Bess, as if expecting that something would happen.

Then, long before I had finished all I had to say, Bess suddenly sprang to her feet with a cry, and burst forth into wild and ungoverned wrath. I have seen fishwives fighting at Billingsgate, a ring of men and women round them, and a truly dreadful thing it is to see women stripped for battle and using their fists like men; never before, or since, have I seen a young and beautiful girl thus give way to passion uncontrolled. At first she could find no words to express her wrath; she clutched at her heart; she tore down her hair; she gasped for breath; she swung her arms abroad; she swayed her body backward and forward. I looked to see Mr. Brinjes go seek his lancet, and give her relief by breathing a vein. But he did not. He sat looking on coldly and anxiously, as if he was watching the progress of a fever. Presently she found words.

I will not write down what she said, because, as regards myself and Mr. Brinjes, her reproaches were wholly undeserved, and, indeed, we had been throughout her best friends. Besides, the ravings of a *femina furvens*, or woman mad with jealousy and disappointed love, ought not to be set down, any more than those of a man in delirium. When she came to speak of her faithless lover she choked, and presently stopped and was silent. But, poor soul! all the while she looked from one to the other of us as if to find hope in our faces, but saw none. Finally, she shrieked aloud, as if she could no longer bear this agony, and hurled herself headlong upon the floor, and so lay, her head upon her hands, her whole body convulsed.

"Let be, let be," said Mr. Brinjes; "after this she will be better. The storm was bound to burst. Better that it should rage in this room than that she should go to a certain house we know of"—he jerked his finger in the direction of the Admiral's. "Say nothing to her; if you speak you will make her worse. Presently she will come round. What? Nature can go no farther, unless she would wear herself to pieces. And they never go so far as that, whatever their wrath, because the pain of the body becomes intolerable."

He spoke as if she could not hear or was insensible, which I take to have been the case, for in five minutes or so she sat up, taking no notice of what had been said, and became partly rational, and said calmly, sitting on the floor, that she should go away and kill Jack first, and herself afterwards; and she declared that, if he dared to address any other woman, she would tear her limb from limb. So that I trembled for Castilla. But Mr. Brinjes looked on without surprise or terror, murmuring, "Let be—let be; it will do her good. And I have seen them worse."

And, indeed, presently she arose from the ground and tied up her beautiful hair, which had fallen about her shoulders, and smoothed her disordered frock, and sat down again in the window-seat, clasping her knees with her hands, moaning and weeping, and rocking herself to and fro. And at this symptom of progress or development of the "case," the Apothecary nodded and winked at me, as much as to say that the disease was taking a favourable turn.

He knew the symptoms, this learned physician, who had studied woman's nature where it is the most ungovernable and the most exposed to observation, among the negroes, and, I suppose, applied to more civilised women the rules he had learned among these artless pagans. For, in fact, she speedily ceased either to weep or to moan, but sat upright, drew a long breath, and spoke quite gently and prettily, like a little child who has been naughty, and now promises to be good again.

"I am sorry," she said, "that I have given so much trouble—I will never do it again. Mr. Brinjes, you have not had your nap, nor your afternoon punch, through my fault. I will mix you a glass, and then you shall go to sleep." She did so, and arranged his pillows for him, and in a few minutes afterwards the old man was sound asleep. Then Bess turned to me. "Forgive me, Luke," she said, giving me her hand: "You are my best friend—except this poor old man, you are my only friend. You have never been weary of teaching me how a gentlewoman should behave, so that I should be worthy of a gentleman: and now it has ended in this. He has forgotten me, who have never forgotten him—no, not for a moment, since the day when first he told me—oh! the happy day! He came into the room where I was sitting before the fire and took me in his arms—oh! in his arms! Could I ever forget him? No—no; not for a moment."

"My poor Bess!" I said, "What can I say—what do—for you in this dreadful trouble?"

The tears stood in her eyes, but she wept no longer.

"I know," she said, after a while, "what I will do. Here is his letter to me." She drew it from her bosom. It went to my heart to see the prettily-worked silken bag she had made for it with her own hands. "First, you shall take it to him, Luke, and give it to him yourself. Will you do so much for me? It is not a great thing to ask you, is it? Give it to him and tell him that he must read it, and then bring it back to me. And Luke, dear Luke, you have always been kind to me, always my friend, though you know nothing about love, do you? Else you would understand that a woman would rather die than lose her lover. Give him the letter. When he reads it, he will remember, and then—then, Luke!—You will tell him—oh! tell him"—she laid her hands upon my arm, and gazed upon me with imploring eyes—"tell him, dear friend, that I am more beautiful than ever—Mr. Brinjes says I am—and that I have tried to teach myself the ways of a gentlewoman, for his sake: and that I can read and write, a little, so that he shall not be ashamed of me; and that I associate no more with the other girls, and have been true to him ever since he went away. Tell him all, Luke, and everything else that you can think of that is kind and friendly, and that will make him want to see me again. Oh, if he were here in this room with me for one hour, he would love me again!"

"I will take the letter, Bess," I told her, moved to tears; "and I will give it to him myself, and tell him all that you wish; and more—more, my poor Bess!"

"When will you give it to him?"

"To-morrow. Will that do?"

So with that promise she appeared to be more contented, and went away, though with hanging head—the poor, fond, loving girl!

"You may give the Lieutenant that letter," said the Apothecary, "and you may tell him what you please. But, if I know Jack Easterbrook, you might as well try to knock him down with a feather. As for making her his wife, it is out of the question; and to become his mistress without being his wife, Bess would not consent; nor, I think, would Jack ask her. Because, d'ye see, he no longer cares a rope's yarn about her. Yet, if he would come here for a single hour—Bess knows her power—trust a woman who has that power. But I think he will not come. And so there will be trouble—I know not yet of what kind—there will be trouble."

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN AMBASSADOR OF LOVE.

I readily accepted the mission; but, like many other ambassadors, I hesitated when the time came to discharge my trust. For Jack was like those Oriental Bashaws who cut off the heads of messengers that bring uncomfortable tidings. First, I thought it would be best to give the letter to him at Deptford, so that, if he was moved by pity or by love, he might go straight to the poor girl and offer her consolation. But I had promised to give it the very next day. Therefore, I plucked up courage, and made my way to his lodgings, the letter in my pocket, knowing full well that he would take my interference ill, being too masterful to brook counsel, advice, or admonition from anyone, unless it came as an order from a superior officer.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when I reached his lodging in Ryder-street. He was sitting wrapped in a sheet, while the barber was finishing his hair with the powder puff. On the table stood his morning chocolate and cream.

"Ho!" he cried. "Here is the Prince of Painters. Art come to paint me a portrait, Luke?" (N.B. I did paint his portrait, and have it still, a speaking likeness, and a better piece of work I never did). "Wait a moment, my hearty, till this lubber hath finished the top-dressing."

Presently the man finished, and removed the sheet, showing beneath it a full-dress Lieutenant's uniform—to my mind the blue of the Navy is far more becoming to a handsome man than the scarlet of the Army. Just as he rose from the barber's hands, the man still standing before him, the implements of the trade in his hand, and I beside him—I heard a rustling of petticoats outside, and the door was opened by a lady. She was wrapped from head to foot in a hood, and wore a domino.

"Madam!" said Jack, bowing low.

The lady removed her domino, and laughed, and threw off her hood. Truly a most beautiful creature she was, and most richly dressed. 'Twas the merriest, most roguish face that one ever saw, with dancing eyes and laughing lips. I ought to have known the face, because I had seen it several times; but I did not, because an actress dressed for a Queen or a Sultana seems to change her face as well as her frock. She was, indeed, an actress—very well known indeed to the world, as you would acknowledge did I write down her name, which I shall not do, for many reasons.

"I have found my hero, then," said the lady, "in his own cabin—or is it on his own quarter-deck? Are the decks cleared for action? Are you ready, Sir, to engage the enemy?"

"Alas! Madam," said Jack, "I haul down my colours, and give up my sword."

He fell upon one knee and kissed the hand which the lady graciously extended to him. Now, observe that she took no kind of notice of the barber or of myself, whom she mistook, doubtless, for an assistant or some other kind of tradesman. I mean that in what followed my presence was not the slightest restraint upon her.

"I am a rash creature," she said, "to imperil my reputation by visiting a Lieutenant of the King's Navy alone in the morning. Suppose I had been observed."

"Madam"—Jack made her so fine a bow that I could not help thinking of the Jack who had come home in rags three years before—"could I desire a more delightful task than the defence of your reputation?"

"I thank you, Lieutenant. But I have a readier defence in my mood and domino. A woman's reputation is quite safe, I assure you, so long as she is not seen. It is in this respect unlike so many gentlemen's honour, which is only safe so long as they are seen. I came not, however, for compliments. First of all, I came to say that I shall be alone this afternoon. You can visit me, if you please. Next, my Lord is coming to supper with me after the theatre. He will presently call here himself, or send a letter, and will invite you to come with him. To oblige me, Lieutenant, you will come."

"Madam," said Jack, with a smiling face, "you were born, sure, to make me the happiest of men."

"The happiest of men!" she repeated, merrily laughing.

"Oh! what creatures we women would esteem ourselves, since, with such little trouble, we can make men happy! And how miserable are we that it takes so much more to make us happy! Heigho! You are made happy with a smile, or a kind word, or a hand to kiss, or permission to take supper with us—while we. . . . Oh! we know how little these things are worth. Therefore. . . . No, Sir, you have kissed my hand already." At this point the barber, who had now gathered up his tools, retired from the room. I retreated to the window, and gazed upon the street, as if I was anxious not to listen. She, however, took no notice of my presence. "Come this afternoon, then, and this evening, after you have seen me from the front, you can join my Lord. But that is not all I had to say, oh, happiest of men!" She laughed again. "This will make you indeed a happy man, if the roar of the cannons and the groans of wounded men are sweeter than the smiles of women."

"Indeed, Madam, I cannot understand"—

"What I have now to tell will, I daresay, make a round dozen of women miserable, for my hero is a handsome hero. But not me, Sir. Oh, pray do not think that! An actress, everybody knows, hath no heart. She is but a toy, to be laughed at and played with, until the men find another which is newer, and hath less of the gilt rubbed off. Yet I shall be sorry, Jack—do your friends call you Jack?—though it is but the day before yesterday that I made your acquaintance, Sir."

"Still, Madam," he persisted, "I know not"—

"This is a very fine coat, Jack," she went on, laying her hand, covered with a white glove, upon his sleeve. "I love the colour. 'Tis a new coat, too, so that 'twill be a pity to buy another. Perhaps, however, this may be made to do, and methinks it will be greatly improved if we put a little lace upon the lapels and cuffs, and change the button for one with a crown instead of an anchor."

"Madam!" He started, and changed countenance, because these additions mark the rank of Captain. "Madam! Is it possible?"

"Why, Jack, when a handsome lad does a woman so great a service, and for all his reward wants nothing but to be sent away from her sight, I doubt whether she is not a fool for her

pains if she help him—yet. . . here she sighed. "His Majesty's frigate Calypso, the Sapphire's prize, is to be refitted without delay and commissioned. Go, take possession of your own quarter-deck, Captain Easterbrook. Perhaps the next lady whose jewels you save from robbers may make you an Admiral." With this she curtsied, so as to sweep the ground, as they are wont to do upon the stage.

"Oh! Madam," he cried, "how can I show my gratitude?" "You will not set sail for a week or two yet, I suppose. Come to see me as often as you please. To my brave defender I am always at home."

She held out her hand, but Jack did not, as I expected, stoop to kiss it. On the contrary, he disregarded it altogether, and caught her in his arms, kissing her lips and cheeks. I looked to see her resent this familiarity with the greatest show of displeasure, for here was no simple girl of the lower sort, like poor Bess, but a very grand lady indeed, who, for all she was an actress, had all the noblemen of London at her feet. But, to my astonishment, she only laughed, and gently pushed him from her.

"Jack," she said, "thou hast truly a conquering way. Let me go, Sir!"

She laughed again, in her merry, saucy way; put on her domino, pulled the hood over her head, and suffered Jack to conduct her to her chair, which waited without.

"Hang it, Luke!" cried Jack, when he came back. "I forgot that thou wast here; and I dare swear Madam never saw thee. Must I never kiss a pretty woman but this virtuous fellow must still be looking on, with open mouth?"

"Shall I tell Castilla, Jack?"—thinking of what might have happened had Bess been there.

"Why, in a kiss there is no harm, surely; therefore, there is no need to tell Castilla. If this news be true—and it must be true—Luke, thou art a Puritan. As for a simple kiss which is snatched, they like it, man. Every woman, except Castilla, who is a miracle of goodness, likes such kisses."

"Who is the lady, Jack?"

"Why, she is a great actress; and the other night, by a lucky chance—I was going home at midnight—I heard a woman's scream and a trampling of feet. 'Twas but an attack upon a lady's chair by footpads, whom it was nothing to drive off without more trouble than to draw and to slash one of them across the face. Then I saw her safe to her lodgings. 'Tis a grateful creature."

"She seems grateful," I said. "Do actresses often appoint commanders to his Majesty's ships?"

"No, Luke; no, my lad, they do not. These appointments are given according to merit, seniority, courage, seamanship, and patriotism. That is very well understood, and it is the reason why everybody is so contented who wears the King's uniform. But suppose that one of my Lords the Commissioners should take a particular interest in a certain lady, and suppose this lady should have eyes to see all these virtues combined in one man; and suppose she should be able further so to persuade his Lordship, who, we will again suppose, knows already something of this man. Confess, then, that it would be a lucky thing for this man were this lady to single him out for the favour of recommendation."

"Truly, it would be lucky for him."

"Captain of the Calypso," he exclaimed. "Why, have I done badly to command a frigate at twenty-four? What care I who appoints me so that I get my chance? Will the world know? Have I done anything dishonourable? My Lord hath already promised me promotion. I looked to be First Lieutenant perhaps—and now. . . Luke, my lad, I am so happy that I could go back to Deptford and fight Aaron Fletcher again as I did three years ago at Horn Fair."

"Yes, Jack; I could wish in my heart that you would fight him again, if it were about the same woman."

He changed countenance, but quickly recovered.

"Come lad," he said, "ease thy mind, which is full of something. Let me hear it."

"Put out of your mind," I said, "Castilla and this actress and all women, except one. I have been asked by one whom you should remember to bring to you a certain letter, and to beg, first, that you will read it, and next, that you will, with your own hand, restore it to the owner."

With this I took the letter from my pocket and gave it to him in its silk bag.

"Why," he said, breaking into a laugh, as if the matter was not serious at all, "this is my own letter. I wrote it, I remember, one afternoon, off Cape Finisterre—I remember the day very well. Did the girl—Bess Westmoreland was her name—give it to thee, Luke? Oh! I remember—I was in love with her. A devilish fine girl she was, with eyes like sloes."

He read the letter through. "To think that I wrote that letter, and that she believed it! Most beautiful woman in the world. . . Fondest lover! Oh! I wonder how many such letters are written aboard-ship the first week after sailing? As for this—why, Luke, you had better give it back to the girl, if she wishes to keep it. Tell her to show it to her friends as the work of a fool. Perhaps her new lover or her husband might like to have the letter. But, indeed, I think she had better burn the thing, in case of accidents. Husbands do not like, generally, to read such letters."

"She has had no other lovers, Jack, on your account."

"Pretty fool! Bid her waste good time no longer."

"She will suffer no man to speak to her, saying that she belongs to you alone, and thinking you would come home to marry her."

"I suppose," said Jack, his face darkening, "that the meddling old Apothecary is at the bottom of this foolishness."

"And myself, too. Why, Jack, you solemnly placed her in my charge. You begged me to take care of her. You tattooed her name upon your arm. Look at your arm. What could we think? She has learned things for your sake, Jack—such as gentle manners, and to restrain her tongue, and to govern herself—generally, that is," because I remembered the scene of yesterday. "You would not know her again."

"Well, Luke, she has therefore been so far kept out of mischief, which is good for every girl. And this is a wicked world, and seaports are full of traps for girls. Tell her, however, that now she had better lose no time in looking for a husband in her own station. The fellow Aaron Fletcher would, perhaps, make a good husband, provided he kept decently sober."

"Do not blame Mr. Brinjes. He hath warned her continually that sailors go away and break their promises. But will you see her, Jack?"

"No. What the devil would be the use of my seeing her?"

I told him how she had put on her best, and gone to wait for him at the Apothecary's, and there waited for three long days. But he was not softened a whit.

"It is their foolish way," he said. "We say fond things and promise whatever will please them, and they believe it all. Why they believe the nonsense, the Lord knows. As for the men who say it, and make the promises, they believe it too, I daresay, at the time. 'Tis pretty, too, to see them purr and coo whatever extravagances you tell them. I remember now"—but here he stopped short in his recollections.

"Jack," I said, "will you pull up your sleeve, and show me your arm?"

He laughed, and obeyed. It was his left arm, and, as we know, it was tattooed all over with the once-loved name of Bess. "'Tis like the arm of any fo'k'sle tar," he said. "What was I, in these days, better? Yet, lad, the name hath no longer any meaning to my eyes."

"Meaning or not," I insisted, "will you give her the letter with your own hand? Jack, only let her tell you what is in her mind. That is a small thing to do."

"It would be more cruel than to refuse to see her at all. Trust me, if this girl gives trouble I shall know how to deal with her. If you have any regard for her, bid her spoil her market no longer, and put maggots out of her head. She would marry me, would she? Kind soul, I thank her for it with all my heart. She would marry me, would she? I will tell thee a thing, my lad, which thou wilt never find out for thyself with all thy paint-brushes—there is no woman in the world more hateful to a man than a woman whom he hath once loved and now loves no longer. It is like coming back to a half-finished banquet when the dishes are cold and the wine is stale. Yet the foolish women believe that once in love, always in love. Better she should learn the truth at once, and so an end."

He gave me back the letter, and would say no more upon the subject. But he said, I must make a picture of him before he went away, and he would be painted in the new uniform, which he would order immediately; and I must go instantly and tell Castilla of his good fortune. Thus was I made a go-between, first to one and then to the other.

"And now, Luke, my fortune is made, if I am only moderately lucky. He who is Captain at twenty-four may well be Rear-Admiral at thirty, and command a fleet at thirty-five; at forty he is certainly a Knight, and perhaps a Viscount; and at seventy he lies in Westminster Abbey. What could I hope for better," he asked, glowing with the joy and elation of his appointment, "than to command a frigate, easy to handle, swift to sail? Why, it will be the Tartar over again, in the Captain's cabin instead of the ward-room. That was warm work; but I hope to show warmer work still. God knows, Luke," he said, earnestly, "I say it not in boastfulness, I can handle a ship as well as the best man afloat, and I can take her into action, I promise you, as bravely."

So he talked; thinking no more at the time of the actress, or of Castilla, or of Bess, for the thought of any ship was enough to turn his mind from a woman, though he so easily fell in love with a pretty girl. And while he was thus talking of his promotion, and the things he hoped to do with his vessel, there drove to the house a chariot, with footmen, and gold panels, very splendid, and two gentlemen got down. They came to visit Jack. One of them was a man no longer young, yet erect and tall, with aquiline nose, and proud eyes. He wore a satin coat, with a sash, and a star blazing with diamonds. The other was in the uniform of the Army.

Jack sprang to his feet, and bowed to the ground. "My Lord," he said, "this is an extraordinary honour. Indeed, I could never have expected it."

"I have come, young gentleman," said his Lordship, speaking slowly and with the dignity which became his rank, "to tender you my thanks for the service which you performed the night before last to a certain lady."

"My services, my Lord, were trifling, though, fortunately, opportune."

"Had it not been for your assistance the lady would have lost the jewels which she had worn at the theatre. What other loss or insult she escaped, I know not. I learn that, at her request, you have already paid a visit upon her."

"At her request, my Lord, I had that honour, yesterday afternoon."

"Believe me, Sir, that in return for such a service there is nothing that I can refuse you." Jack bowed again very low. "And since nothing will please you so much as to go back as quickly as possible to the fighting?"

"Nothing so much, my Lord."

"Then you must go. Your name, I find, is already favourably known. I have therefore the pleasure of promoting for the sake of merit alone, which is not always possible for a Commissioner. You are promoted, Sir, to the command of the Calypso, the Sapphire's prize."

"My Lord," said Jack, again bowing low, "I have no words, indeed, to express my gratitude for this great, this unexpected, and undeserved favour." Looking on from the corner of the room, beside the window, I confess I could not help thinking that it would be best for Madam to say nothing about that salute upon her lips.

"Then," said his Lordship, "no more need be said." He rose, and added, smiling, "Since you will have to go back in a few days to salt junk and pea-soup, Captain, make the most of your time ashore. There will be a supper after the play this evening. I will, if you please to honour me with your company, carry you thither in my coach."

"I am honoured to be one of your Lordship's guests," said Jack.

"A rolling deck, a wet cabin, the smell of tar everywhere, great sea-boots, the waves flying over the ship, the enemy pitching cannon-balls on board;—this is what you like, Captain Easterbrook. Well, Sir, you will have plenty of it, for there will be a long war, if all I hear is true. I shall see you, then, this evening. Come, Colonel."

(To be continued.)

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.

Yesterday week the annual exhibition of the works of the students of the Female School of Art in connection with the Science and Art Department was opened in Queen-square, and was continued next day. There were upwards of 200 exhibits. The Queen's scholarship of £60 goes, for the second year, to Miss Marion Ryder Henn, whose name figures thrice or more in the prize list, one of her works being bought by the Department of Science and Art. The Queen's gold medal, two national silver medals, and a national Queen's prize are taken by Miss Helen Louise Conder, one of whose silver-medal subjects, a study of hands from life, has also been selected for purchase by the department. Miss Lydia Bacon King is the winner of the National Gold Medal, by her excellent drawing of the "Laocoön." The silver medallists, besides Miss Conder and Miss Henn, are Miss Ruth Harman and Miss Florence Skindler. To sum up the trophies carried off by Miss Gann's pupils, there are the Queen's and National Gold, five silver, and six bronze medals; nine Queen's prizes, and thirty-three third-grade prizes. The Atkinson scholarship of £25 is taken by Miss Edith D'Oyley Rowe; the Duchess of Westminster's £20 scholarship by Miss Ada Rowboham; the Brightwell £10 scholarship by Miss Fanny Gould Barrett; the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' £40 and £30 scholarships, respectively, by Miss Ruth Harman and Miss Charlotte Maria Alston; and two Gilchrist scholarships, of £50 each, by Miss Edith Mary Flack and Miss Catherine Howard. Winners of vacation prizes are Miss Catherine M. Newman, Miss Edith M. Flack, Miss Charlotte M. Alston, Miss Catherine M. Wyatt, Miss Ida Kirkpatrick, Miss Constance Ada Coxeter, and Miss Alice Mary Turner.

SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS.

A well-known Judge, being asked, one day, what contributed most to success at the Bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by untiring industry, some by the influence of friends; but most, I think, by commencing life without a shilling." The most conspicuous figures in court afford examples of barristers who have risen to eminence in their profession by one or other of these methods. The life and career of the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., M.P., is too well known to call for much remark here. Gifted with a legal mind and a capacity for accuracy and determination, "Dick Webster," as he was familiarly called at Charterhouse and Cambridge, has risen to the high position he now holds by the combination of hard work and great talent. Marked as his successes were on the running-path, they have been put entirely into the shade by his brilliant career at the Bar, which, begun under circumstances not altogether "couleur de rose," is not unlikely to end in the Woolsack. Few men are more considerate to young barristers than the present Attorney-General, who, knowing the difficulties in the way of climbing the legal ladder, is ever willing and ready to help others less fortunate than himself.

One of our Sketches represents a Queen's Counsel cross-examining a witness. The dubious expression on the countenance of the individual in the box shows his unwillingness to answer the question, while the searching look in the eyes of the "silk" are suggestive of the importance of the reply.

An obstinate witness is not an uncommon individual in our courts of law. If a man has made up his mind not to answer "an awkward question," it often requires a great deal of ingenuity on the part of counsel to make him do so, even with the help of the learned Judge, who will always interpose at the request of an advocate. Cases are not unfrequently won through the obstinacy displayed by witnesses during cross-examination. The effect on a jury is remarkable; and a verdict is often secured by the demeanour in the box of an important witness.

Another Sketch is that of a junior opening his case to the court from the pleadings which he holds in his hands. As a general rule, the junior opens, and his leader sums up the case and addresses the jury, though sometimes, when cases in other courts detain the Queen's Counsel, the whole of the work falls on the junior. The address to the jury is perhaps the most important part of a trial, as it certainly is the most effective. First and foremost among our lawyers in this art is Sir Charles Russell, who, possessed of a countenance that at once commands attention and respect, deals out figures and facts in a manner which is excelled by none; while at the criminal bar Mr. Montague Williams is *facile princeps* in this respect. The figure of a well-known Queen's Counsel engaged in examining a collar, as happened once in the trial of an infringement of patent, will show how necessary it is for a barrister to have a wide experience of every-day life. Things of all sorts and kinds are constantly being produced in court, and a technical knowledge often goes a long way towards winning a case.

The unemployed old barrister's life is not a happy one. Being often turned out of his seat by a too pushing public, who, in their eagerness to gain an inkling of the law, do not scruple to monopolise the seat set apart for members of the Bar, he is compelled to stand. Unhappily, owing to the multiplicity of barristers, he has been overlooked by solicitors. Such, alas! is the life of many a man who, when called to the Bar, had visions of the Woolsack. "Determine to succeed, and you will succeed," is very sound advice; but, at the Bar, determination is one thing and success another. That "Opportunity makes the winner," is a well-known saying, and a true one. Many a man has failed to make his mark as a barrister simply and solely because he has never had an opportunity given him of making himself heard in a court of law. The grey-haired veteran here is still waiting, as we see, "for something to turn up."

FOLLIES AND FASHIONS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

The success which attended the publication of Mrs. Alfred Hunt's charming little volume "Our Grandmothers' Dresses," seems to have stimulated Mr. A. W. Tuer to produce *The Follies and Fashions of Our Grandfathers* (Leadenhall Press). But, in spite of its elaborate "get-up," one can hardly take such a book seriously. Apparently, it is intended to appeal to the public by its literary as well as by its artistic attractions; but the latter are mere reproductions from the journal *Le Beau Monde* and such like publications; whilst the former are made up of snippings from the *Annual Register*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other periodicals appearing in the year 1807. We have no wish to disparage the care with which the illustrations are reproduced; but whilst those referring to the fashions naturally exhibit little variety in the short range of twelve months (the book being limited to the year above named), the other "embellishments" merely tell us that Lady Hamilton, as depicted by Romney, was very popular; and that copper-plate printing was not at its most brilliant period. With respect to the "fashions," it is, however, curious to notice the effect of the long war with France upon our grandmother's dresses. There is, throughout, a hardly-concealed attempt to invent a national taste; but nevertheless, the influence of the latest hints from Paris which dated from the Directory, or at best from the Peace of Amiens, still lingers in the short waists and long skirts. Although Byron was already known as a poet, he had not yet written the "Waltz," and the short dresses which the practice of that dance necessitated had not yet come into fashion. Amongst the specimens of the literary follies of our grandfathers in 1807 may be mentioned the contemptuous treatment of both Scott and Byron as poets; the frequency of duels between men of public eminence; and the general appreciation of athletic sports, especially when high money stakes were involved. Thus we read of a cricket-match at Lord's between eight gentlemen of the Marylebone Club and an All England Eleven for a thousand guineas, and another for a like sum between two select elevens made between Lord F. Beauclerc and Mr. T. Mellish. In a third match, played at Pennenden Heath, between Kent and England, the straight-arm bowling "introduced by John Wiles, Esq.," was practised, and it was found to be "an obstacle to getting runs in comparison to what might have been got by the straight-forward bowling." Boxing, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and the exploits of the renowned pedestrian Captain Barclay and others occupy a good deal of space; and there are some interesting notices of the Royal Academy Exhibition, and of theatrical performances of the year. At the former Sir D. Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" was the chief attraction; and at Covent-Garden Theatre Mr. Kemble's rendering of Hamlet was giving rise to great strife of opinion among the critics and theatre-goers. Amongst Mr. Kemble's readings of the part may be mentioned "Enterprises of great pitch and moment," in the place of the usually accepted "pith." There is plenty in this volume to make an odd half-hour pass pleasantly away, but one's inevitable feeling on rising from its perusal is that as a literary production it is amateurish.



"A SILK GOWN."



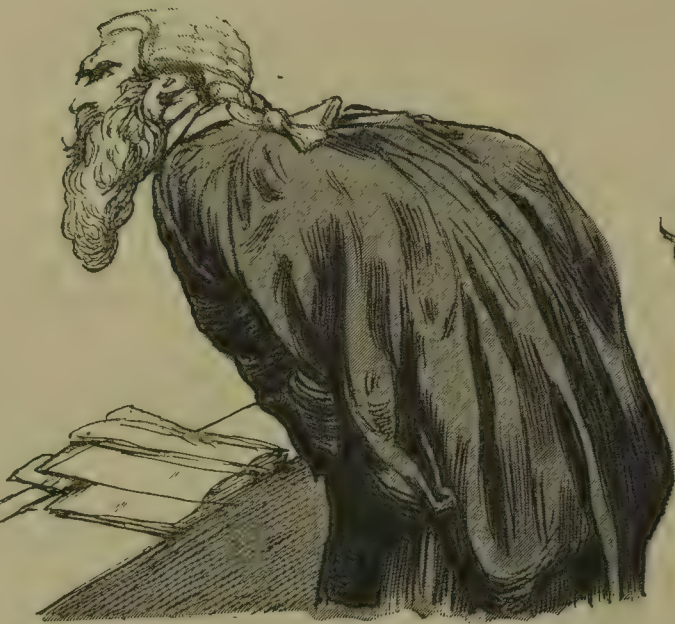
"A STUFF GOWN."



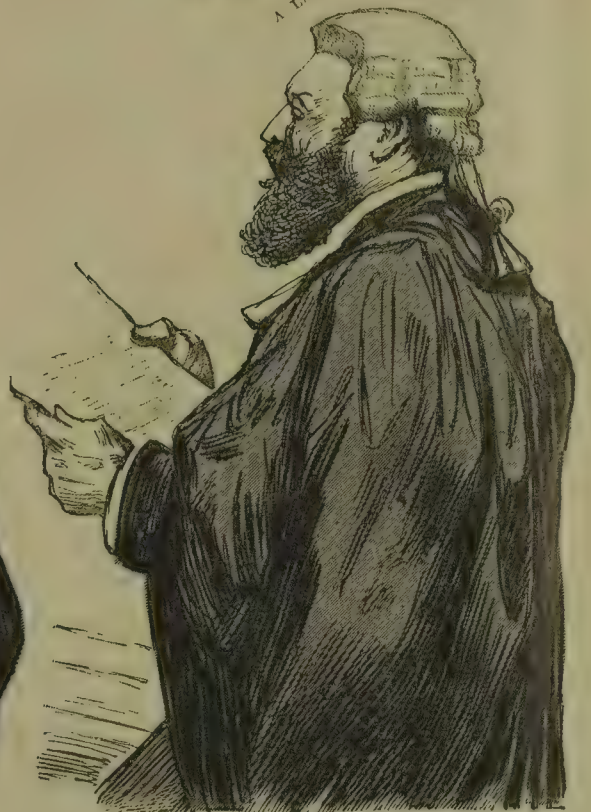
A LAW OFFICER OF THE CROWN.



ADDRESSING THE JURY



AN AWKWARD QUESTION.



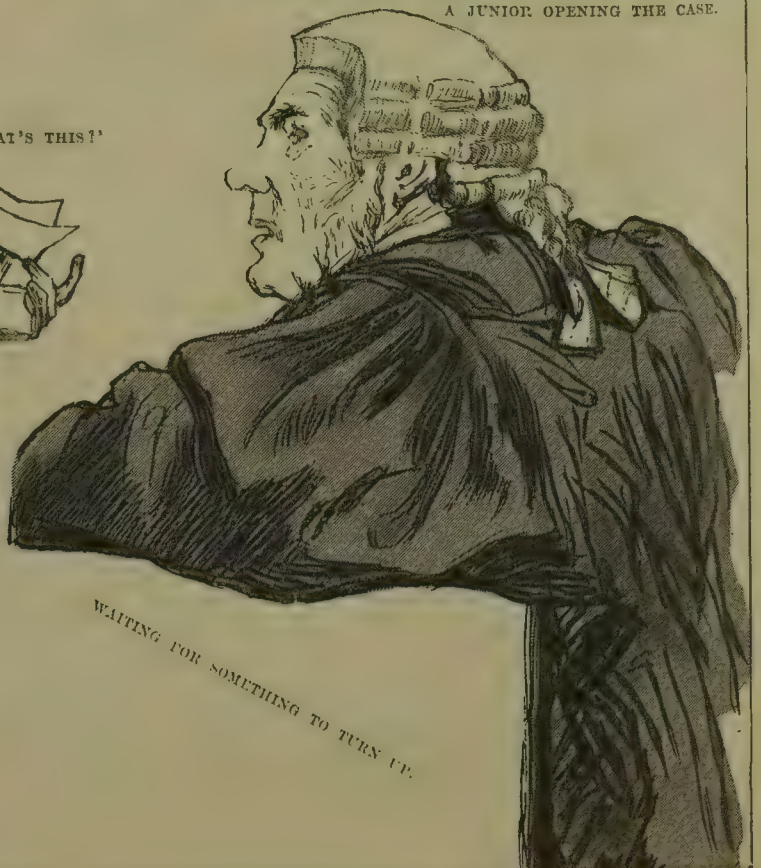
A JUNIOR OPENING THE CASE.



ADDRESSING THE JURY



"WHAT'S THIS?"



WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.

Gillies & Co.



LOADING A SCHOONER WITH COCOA-NUTS AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1880), with a codicil (dated April 9, 1885), of Mr. Albert Savory, formerly of Potter's Park, Otter-shaw, near Chertsey, Surrey, but late of Kirkham Hall, Kirkham Abbey, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 7 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Horace Reginald Savory, Francis Evance Savory, and Arthur Herbert Savory, the brothers, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £114,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, jewellery, pictures, books, wines, furniture, household effects, horses, carriages, live and dead farming stock, and £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Isabel Howard Savory; and legacies to his executors. The Potter's Park and Greenwood estate, with his leasehold property near thereto, he devises to his wife, for life, and then to his eldest son at twenty-one years from his decease, or on attaining twenty-five years, which event shall first happen. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death, he gives £15,000 to each of his younger sons; £10,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters; and the ultimate residue to his eldest son.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1884), with a codicil (dated July 17, 1886), of Mr. Thomas Phillips Danson, late of No. 54, Merton-road, Bootle, near Liverpool, who died on Aug. 11 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Robert Stanley Blease, Walter Blease, James Dickson, and Miss Grace Stewart, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testator bequeaths £300 for the relief of such person, or persons, as his trustees may think deserving, or for such benevolent or charitable purposes as they, in their uncontrolled discretion, may think fit; £1000 to the Endowment Fund of the Bootle Borough Hospital; £500 to the Liverpool Dispensaries; £1000, in trust, for providing a free library or promoting education in Bootle; and numerous and considerable legacies and annuities to brothers, nephews, nieces, and others. The ultimate residue he leaves to his nephew and nieces, Danson Stewart, Annie Kirkland, Grace Stewart, Jessie Stewart, and Emily Hitchins, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 26, 1873), with a codicil (dated April 6, 1878), of Mr. Robert Coutart De la Condamine, formerly of Lampton, Hounslow, but late of No. 14, Prince Arthur-road, Hampstead, merchant, who died on Sept. 22 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Mrs. Alice Caroline De la Condamine, the widow, Alexander Rose Johnston, and John Tilleard Freeman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testator leaves his plate, pictures, books, furniture, and effects to his wife; and all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 24, 1886) of Miss Emily Ricardo, late of No. 47, Wilton-crescent, Belgrave-square, who died on the 1st ult., was proved on the 20th ult. by Montague George Thorold and Frederick Beaumont Morgan, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testatrix gives her freehold house, Brookwood, Maidenhead, upon trust, for her nephew Charles Tyrwhitt Ricardo; and some shares to her brother Albert; and legacies to nieces and others. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her niece, Mrs. Emmeline Laura Thorold, for life, and then for the children of her (testatrix's) nephew John Algernon Bastard, as Mrs. Thorold shall appoint.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1881), with a codicil (dated Aug. 12, 1885), of Mr. John Mitchell, late of The Oaks, Lillington,

Warwickshire, who died on Aug. 19 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by John Hanson Mitchell, the son, and Edward Hantriss, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testator gives his residence, The Oaks, with the furniture and effects, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Mitchell, for life or widowhood, and then to his said son and his daughter Mary Jane; and £1000 to his son. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £400 to his wife, and, subject thereto, for his three children, John Hanson, Mary Jane, and Rosa Victoria, equally.

The will (dated June 12, 1884), with four codicils (dated Sept. 15 and Nov. 7, 1884, and Jan. 12 and 24, 1885), of Mr. Theodore Vincent Webb, J.P., late of Great Gransden, Hunts, was proved on the 18th ult. by William Barratt Power Fowler, William Bromwich-Ryder, and Mrs. Martha Sophia Webb, the widow, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testator devises the Home Farm at Great Gransden to his wife; the Hall estate at Great Gransden, to his wife, for life, and then to his friend and cousin, William Barratt Power Fowler; and all other his real estate, whether of freehold or copyhold tenure, at Great Gransden, and at Morrey, in the parish of Yoxall, Staffordshire, to the said William Barratt Power Fowler. There are legacies to relatives and others, and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife.

The will (dated July 3, 1878) of Sir Edward George Lambert Perrott, Bart., late of Brook Hill Park, Plumstead, Kent, who died on June 4 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Sir Herbert Charles Perrott, Bart., the son, the sole executor. The testator gives all his property whatsoever and wheresoever to his said son.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1884) of Miss Anna Josephine Skerrett, formerly of No. 33, Dorset-street, Portman-square, but late of No. 8, Beaumont-street, Cavendish-square, who died on Sept. 10 last, was proved on the 6th inst. by the Most Rev. Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco and James M. Chapman; an annuity of £18 4s. to her servant; and subject thereto all her real and personal estate to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, to distribute at his discretion among such poor people as he may select.

The chief interest attaching to Mr. R. A. Sterndale's *Denizens of the Jungles* (Thacker, Spink, and Co., of Newgate-street) lies in the fact that it gives a fair idea of the skill attained in lithography by the Indian local printers. Mr. Sterndale's aim has been to popularise, by means of a series of sketches, the forms and natural attitudes of the wild animals of India—

All that with potent teeth command the plain,
All that run horrid with erected mane;
Or, proud of stately horns or bristling hair,
At once the forest's ornament or fear.

In their former character some of these denizens of the jungle may be now seen at South Kensington; but Mr. Sterndale includes a variety of others—such as the sambar, who, among naturalists, is called after the Greek philosopher, *Rusa Aristotelis*; and the mountain sheep, identified with that earliest of European travellers, Marco Polo, whose horns—the ram's, not the traveller's—sometimes exceed, including the curves, six feet in length. The volume is well got up, and the drawings are spirited and natural.

LOADING WITH COCOA IN JAMAICA.

The scene at the port of Kingston, where a schooner is lying at the pier to receive a cargo of cocoa-nuts which a few negro labourers are handing on board, serves to illustrate one of the smaller kinds of export trade from that large and fertile island. At this moment, when we are taking stock of the natural and commercial resources of the British Colonies, and when the Exhibition about to be closed has displayed an interesting panorama of their condition and productive capabilities, Jamaica should not be forgotten. The island, which first belonged to the Spaniards, was conquered by the English in Cromwell's time, and was colonised, to some extent, by men of the Commonwealth Party who left England after the Restoration of Charles II. Its coasts, and the neighbouring Caribbean sea, witnessed some of the most important British naval victories, under Admiral Rodney and others, in our French wars of the eighteenth century. There are few countries within tropical latitudes that comprise such varieties of soil and climate, taking account of the extent of Jamaica, which is 144 miles long, from east to west, and forty-nine miles wide. The Blue Mountains, which form a range intersecting the eastern part of the island, rise to heights of five, six, and seven thousand feet, with many beautiful valleys and healthy table-lands; and, on the highland slopes, people of European race can live as well as in Italy or in the south of France, and there is plenty of land for agricultural and pastoral occupation. It is to be regretted that, since the decline of sugar cultivation in Jamaica, owing not less to the competition of countries nearer the Equator, where this crop is favoured by a hotter sun, than to the abolition of West Indian slavery, little energy and enterprise have been applied to the culture of other produce, for which Jamaica is more especially suited. Coffee, and probably tea, might be grown here as well as in Ceylon; the former is, indeed, now an article of export; pimento, ginger, liquorice, cochineal, arrowroot, pepper, and other spices, with logwood, are included in the list. But Jamaica is peculiarly favoured as a fruit-growing country; the pineapple, we are told by Mr. John Hunt, whose testimony is officially quoted in "Her Majesty's Colonies," often yields a clear yearly profit of £80 per acre; yet so backward are the cultivators that, he assures us, this one article in Jamaica could be made "to produce at least ten times more than it does at present." The banana, on the plains of St. Catharine, is scarcely less profitable, finding a ready market in the United States. Besides all kinds of tropical fruits, those of the Mediterranean shores and Southern Europe, oranges and lemons, figs, melons, plums, and grapes, and in the mountain districts our British apples, cherries, and strawberries, will grow in rich abundance. The Guinea grass affords excellent pasture for cattle, and no part of America yields finer harvests of maize. Yet these great natural advantages are strangely neglected; and the mineral wealth of Jamaica, believed to be very great, has also been left, for many years past, without any attempt to get at it. The whole population is 580,000, of whom only 14,432 are white people. The town of Kingston, with about 40,000 inhabitants, does not prosper as it ought from its magnificent commercial harbour, and was severely afflicted by the conflagration a few years ago. We may, nevertheless, hope that Jamaica will see better times, and will again become one of the most flourishing British Colonies, if not a field for industrial emigration of Englishmen of the working classes.

Sir W. J. Clarke, of Rupertswood, Victoria, has sent the Lord Mayor £1000 for the proposed Imperial Institute.

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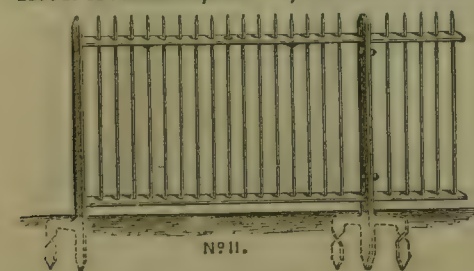
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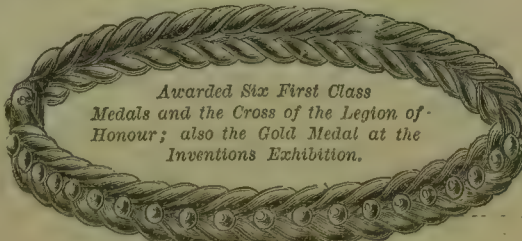


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Gives all the beauty, depth, and richness of colouring of real stained glass, at a fraction of its cost. It can be applied to any window by any person without previous experience in the use of the article.

Over 400 patterns to select from, rendering it possible to make innumerable combinations, from the simplest to the most elaborate.

Invaluable for covering windows having disagreeable outlooks. The view is shut out without perceptibly diminishing the light.

The importance of this invention will be appreciated when it is considered how many houses in cities have for outlook from the back only a maze of chimneys, pots, dingy roofs, and the smoking chimneys of manufactories.

Glacier Window
Decoration



Should prove a great boon to hotel proprietors, who, by its use, can improve the interiors of their establishments, and get rid of the disagreeable views so often visible from the bedrooms.

The Glacier is unlike all other substitutes for stained glass, in that it can be affixed without trouble, and once properly affixed will not curl up or leave the glass under any conditions.

Glacier Window
Decoration



Has been in use for over six years, and has met with warm welcome in all parts of the world, owing to its adaptability to any window, the ease with which it can be affixed, and the great beauty of colouring and designs.

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CROP OF 1884

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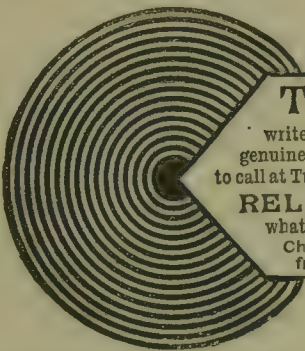
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Special attention is drawn to the colours, which for brilliancy, depth of tone, and magnificent appearance are quite perfection.

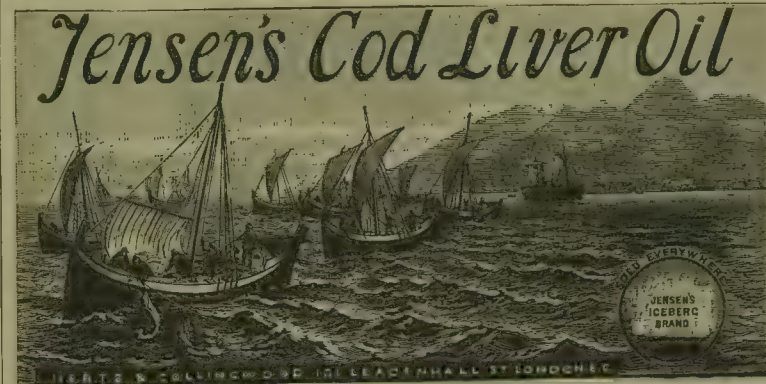
Note well! The word "Louis," in connection with this Velveteen, is spelled "L-O-U-I-S," and in no other way.

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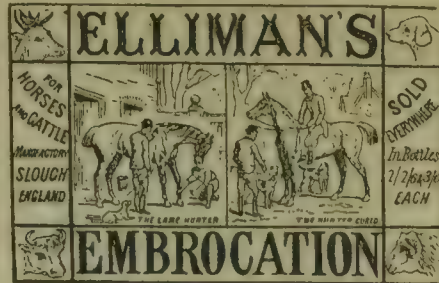
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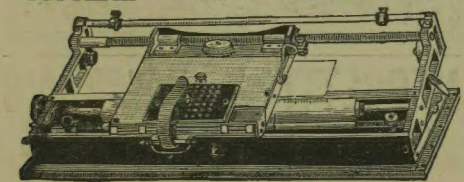
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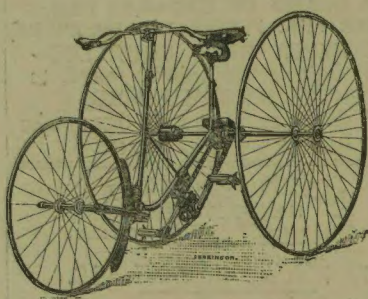
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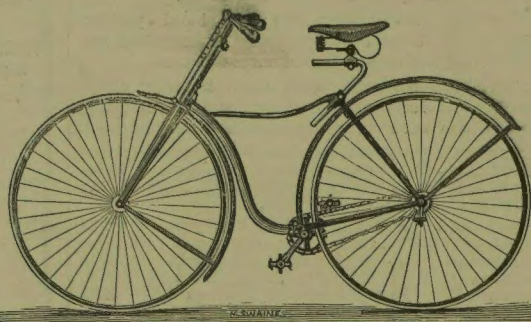
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NEW CATALOGUE READY JANUARY, 1886.

"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

HONOURS, PARIS, 1878.
DIPLOMA & MEDAL, SYDNEY, 1879,
AND CALCUTTA, 1884.

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G. E. LEWIS'S TREBLE GRIP, combined with Anson and Deeley's Locking, Cocking, and Automatic Safety Bolt, is the most perfect weapon ever placed in the hands of the sportsman. The opening of this gun cocks it, and bolts the triggers and tumblers automatically. Prices from 30 to 40 guineas. A special plain quality, £16. Express Rifles, from 12 guineas. "The Gun of the Period," wherever shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy it at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 300 guns, rifles, and revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade.—G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker, 32 and 33, Lower Love-day-street, Birmingham. Estab. 1850.

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Is the most perfect Emollient Milk for
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It soon renders it SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE; entirely removes and prevents all

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Beware of injurious imitations. "BEETHAM'S" is the only genuine.

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LADIES' TAILOR.

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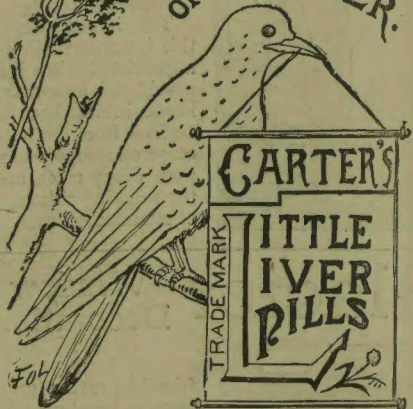
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PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is the Oldest, Test, and most Widely-known Family Medicine in the World. It instantly Relieves and Cures Severe Coughs, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Pains in the Side, Joints, and Limbs, and all Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains. Taken internally, Cures at once Coughs, Sudden Colds, Cramp in Stomach, Colic, Diarrhoea, and Cholera Infantum. PAIN KILLER is the great Household Medicine, and affords relief not to be obtained by other remedies. Any Chemist can supply it at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

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FOR ALL DISEASES
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Carter's Little Liver Pills are the Standard Pills of the United States. Established 1856. They relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels, and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Forty in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In phials at 1s. 1d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post. Illustrated pamphlet free. British Depots 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

FOOD.

EAU DE SUEZ
COMFORTABLE TEETH

CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each Label bears the name of "WILCOX & CO., 239, Oxford-st., W." There are THREE KINDS, distinguished from each other by a YELLOW, GREEN, and RED SILK THREAD, attached to stopper. EAU DE SUEZ (YELLOW) instantly removes the most violent Toothache. EAU DE SUEZ (GREEN), used as a daily mouth-wash, prevents for ever the return of pain, arrests decay, and preserves the teeth sound and white. The RED THREAD is used as the first step, but especially adapted for the removal of tartar and whitening the teeth. Free by parcel post from WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford-st., W.; and through any Chemists, Yellow, 2s. 6d.; Green, 3s. 6d.; Red, 3s.; Paste, 4s. 6d.

LONDON: Printed and Published at the Office, 108, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by INGRAM BROTHERS, 108, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, Nov. 6, 1886.

"FORTY MINUTES O'ER THE GRASS WITHOUT A CHECK, BOYS."

Does anybody who is not a keen fox-hunter know how much of the bliss of being may be concentrated in a brief hour of existence? The rapture of a cavalry charge fires heroes with a wilder frenzy, and nerves their hearts for deeds of nobler daring; but, happily, there is not so much of the old savage in our natures nowadays that many of us would willingly revel in the fierce excitement of such a moment. For unalloyed pleasure, heightened by such triumphs as true men and women may honestly take pride in, there are few things, if any, to equal the sport which, according to Mr. Jorrocks, of immortal memory, is "the image of war, with only twenty per cent of its danger." He who can look at the drawing of Caton Woodville's and feel no pleasant tingling of the flesh, no quickening throb of the pulse, must be cold-blooded as a cuttle-fish. One scarcely needs aid from Whyte Melville's spirit-stirring song to realise how swift is the rush of rivalry here, or how sweet the delight of having and holding a place among the foremost, as hounds skim like sea-birds over the pastures.

It is worth the risk of life and limb and neck, boys,
To see them glance and stoop,
Till they finish with who-whoop;
Forty minutes o'er the grass without a check, boys!

Our provincial friend, "M. F. H." of the Clodshire, may draw down his lip contemptuously as he calls this "all helter-skelter, hurry, and drive; not hunting, but steeplechasing." That may be so, but it is steeplechasing to the accompaniment of sweet hound-music, that wakes memories of our happiest moments, and twenty brilliant minutes at such a pace are worth "a cycle of Cathay," or a whole score of slow hunting runs in Clodshire. "You are always in such a hurry that you never see what hounds are doing, and never care," is the charge invariably brought against a hard rider, who delights to take the lead and keep it. Not see and not care, indeed! Why he must watch every twist and turn of the pack, ready to note the slightest sign, and profit by it. How else could he hope to hold the pride of place for which he would gladly face any fate at this moment? A wrong turn now, the briefest pause, or least lack of resolution, and his joy would be turned to lamentation, for a lead once lost when hounds are racing their hardest is not to be regained readily. The slow days of cub-hunting are at an end. This is the first brilliant burst of the season over a fair grass country, such as no other part of the world can boast. The crisp November air, with a touch of frost in its shrewd breath, is inspiring as a draught of champagne, and every keen blast of it fans the fire of enthusiasm that makes hot the blood of men, women, horses, and hounds alike, as the pace grows fast, and furious the clamour.

Where are the shirkers and skitters now? The road-riders, the gap-hunters, the men who know every gate and short cut in the country? All tailing far behind, or scattered wide in every direction, where they cannot hear a note of the chorus that stirs our blood like a trumpet-call, or see a single move of the exciting chase which those of the first flight are revelling in. Watch the hounds as they falter for a moment where the scent is cold, then fling and drive forward until they own to it again with a clamorous cry. Note how, with all their haste and eagerness, the old hounds hunt, and never give tongue a yard further than they can carry the line. Here the fox, headed by a shepherd, has bent suddenly to the right. Two or three puppies dash on impetuously, but a veteran of the pack swings round in a quick self-cast and takes up the thread again with a triumphant challenge to which all the others fly instantly. Sportsmen, more cunning than keen, see little of all this, know nothing of the wild delight that possesses men as they crash side by side through bullfinches of briar and blackthorn, or skim over the sluggish waters of a brook, dark, deep, and wide. Those who regard caution as the better part of valour, may effect to despise the man who, according to their favourite phrase, "hunts merely for the sake of riding," but he can afford to laugh at such time-worn fallacies as he places fence after fence between him and the faint-hearted throng.

The stress of galloping has not begun to tell yet; but, when flanks are heaving and limbs faltering, the thorough workman, who sends his game little horse along so resolutely now, and the girl on the grey by his side, will still hold their own by good horsemanship and knowledge of hunting in spite of the black-coated stranger whose hot impetuous steed threatens to jump on them at every obstacle. "The hard funkier," as Whyte Melville happily described him, is good to know anywhere. He generally elects to ride a pulling horse that can find courage for both at critical moments. Here they come, thundering along, and we know at a glance who is *not* master. The horse means going, but the rider would fain stop, if he could. The ditch is blind, being overgrown with boughs and trailing brambles, so that neither its width nor depth may be measured. In his momentary terror the rider forgets how to hold a hunting-crop, and lets the thong wave, as if menacing flanks that are already goaded by pricks from the misused spur. Nervously fidgetting with his reins, the man in black catches hard hold of the curb and lets the snaffle dangle loose, thus doubling the chances of pulling his horse into the ditch, if it be only wide enough. All these people we know. The fastidiously-attired gallant who would rather miss the best sport of a season than appear at the covert side in anything but the most perfect triumph of Tautz and Peall, and who would rather lose limb or life than his lead in a good run; the fair girl who sits her grey so gracefully, and, rides so boldly, with just a touch of jealousy in her style of going; and the huntsman who takes his fences nonchalantly, quite as a matter of business, however big they may be—all these are old friends, or types that we all know: What memories of glorious days gone by crowd through the brain at sight of them! We hail again the rapturous delight of keen rivalry; feel the rush of exhilarating air as, with swift strides, the horses speed across sound turf, or bound lightly over the fences; hear the music of hounds—now like deep-toned bells, and then dying away in a breathless whisper; feel the blood coming faster and hotter through our veins; until at last the shrill "Who! Whoop!" rings out on the clear air, and there is an end to our glorious "Forty minutes o'er the grass without a check, boys!" H. H. S. P.

Colonel Fraser, Commissioner of Police, has informed the Council of the Social Democratic Federation by letter that on Nov. 9, no procession other than that of the Lord Mayor's will be permitted to enter any street within the city of London.

According to the general annual return of the British Army for 1885, the average strength of the regular army during the year was 198,064—namely, Household Cavalry, 1377; Cavalry of the Line, 16,503; Royal Horse Artillery, 4205; Royal Artillery, 28,581; Royal Engineers, 6013; Foot Guards, 6340; Infantry of the Line, 126,663; Colonial Corps, 2331; Commissariat and Transport Corps, 2810; Ordnance Store Corps, 650; Corps of Ordnance Artificers, 41; Army Post Office Corps, 14; Medical Staff Corps, 2470. The auxiliary forces enrolled were 403,670—namely, Army Reserve, Class I., 41,889; Class II., 6823; Militia, 119,536; Yeomanry, 11,590; and Volunteers, 224,012.

CHESS.

SAM WELLER (Huddersfield).—We know of no better book for beginners than "Staunton's Chessplayers' Handbook." A great deal of it has become obsolete, but the student can rectify all that by reading modern books after acquiring some knowledge of the principles of the game.

J. S. L. (Blackburn, Natal).—Your appreciative letter is very gratifying. As you say, even the "masters" sometimes nod.

A. E. S. (Gratnow).—Letter received. Do you know Mr. Callander's address? Look at No. 2222.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2209, 2210, and 2211 received from J. S. Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2210 from Jamini Mohan Das (Bengal) and Bernat; of No. 2215 from Amateur (Havana); of No. 2218 from Thomas F. Evans, Karl Erik (Upsala), Shadforth, E. Holt, and W. A. P.; of No. 2219 from W. D. Wright, J. A. Schumcke, R. H. Shaw, J. C. Witham, T. J. Stevens, Aa (Prome), and Cape Zavier (Brussels).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2220 received from B. R. Bond, H. Reeve, Rev. J. C. Rust, Rev. T. S. Lindsay, E. Holt, W. R. Raille, Julia Short, Little Bits, R. H. Brooks, Phenomenon, L. Wyman, Columbus, C. Oswald, Laura Greaves (Shelton), H. Z. (Manchester), Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), W. A. Walker, C. P. P. L. Falcon (Antwerp), W. B. Smith, W. Hillier, E. Louder, Ben Nevis, Hereford, E. Casella (Paris), R. Tweedell, W. D. Wright, G. W. Law, Jupiter Junior, J. A. Schumcke, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, C. Barragh, Augusta Nicholson, H. T. H. T. Roberts, Joseph Ainsworth, Spes, Dr. G. G. Thomas, Oliver Iengia, W. Heathcote, R. H. Shaw, E. E. H., E. J. Winter Wood, N. S. Harris, T. G. (Ware), C. E. Turner, Thomas Wilnot, W. Hantley, W. A. P., E. S. S. R. L. Southwell, F. Marshall, C. R. La-celles, Sam Weller, MacGeorge, J. C. Williams, E. F. thestone, T. J. Stevens, Camerton, Aa (Prome), E. G. Boys, J. Hepworth Shaw, J. Hall, Shadforth, Richard Murphy (Wexford), and K. (Cleveland).

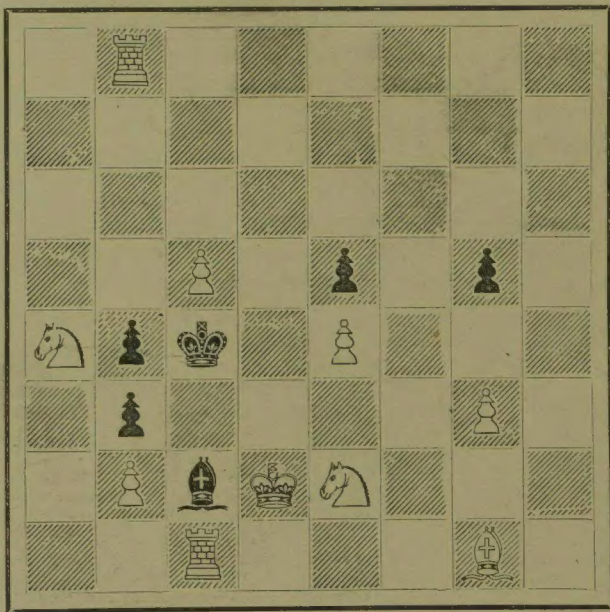
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2219.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to B 3rd. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2222.

By J. G. CAMPBELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played at Queen's College, Belfast, in the principal Tourney of the Irish Chess Association, between Mr. BLACKBURN and Mr. W. C. PALMER, of Dublin.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. P takes K P	Q P takes P
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. P takes P	Kt takes B
3. P to B 4th	B to B 4th	21. R takes Kt	Castles (Q R)

Not a good way of declining the gambit, when, as here, the Q Kt is already in the field.

4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. P to K 4th	Kt to Q 4th
5. Kt to Q R 4th			

The Q Kt comes in useful here, getting rid of the adverse Bishop.

6. B to B 4th	B to Kt 3rd	23. R takes P	K R to K sq
7. P to Q 3rd	P to B 3rd	24. B takes Kt	R takes R
8. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	25. Q takes R	Q takes Q
9. Castles	B to Kt 5th	26. B takes P (ch)	K takes B
10. P to Q B 3rd	P to Kt 4th	27. P takes Q	R to Q 7th
11. B to Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)		

No doubt with the view of driving the White King to R sq, and preparatory to advancing the Pawns on the King's side.

12. K to R sq	P to R 3rd	28. R to K B sq	K to B 3rd
		29. P to B 6th	P takes P
		30. P takes P	R to Q sq
		31. P to B 7th	R to K B sq
		32. P to K Kt 4th	P takes P
		33. P takes P	K to Q 3rd
		34. P to Kt 5th	K to K 2nd
		35. P to Kt 6th	R to K R sq (ch)
		36. K to Kt 2nd	K to B sq
		37. R to K sq	K to Kt 2nd
		38. R to K 8th	R to B sq
		39. K to Kt 3rd,	

Better to have pushed it to R 4th at once. Which's next move might have been predicted.

13. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 4th	39. K to Kt 3rd,	
14. Q to K sq			

Of course he cannot take the Bishop just yet.

15. R takes B	B takes Kt	39. K to Kt 3rd,	
16. B to K 3rd	Kt to K 2nd		
17. Q to B 2nd	Q to B 2nd		
18. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th		
	P to B 4th		

A match in the competition for the prize medal presented by Messrs. Hoffer and Baldwin was played on the 26th ult. between the Railway Club and the London and Westminster Bank. There were eight players a side, and in the result the first-named team won by four games to one and three drawn.

The new book, *Famous First Representations*, by Sutherland Edwards (Chapman and Hall), is distinctly a happy thought. He has gathered together various well-written and interesting essays, purporting to describe the scenes in theatre, opera-house, or place of entertainment on the occasion of some celebrated play, opera, or oratorio, but at the same time has cleverly sketched the events that led up to remarkable scenes, and the acting of memorable dramas of life. One of the most interesting papers in this respect is that on Victor Hugo's "Hernani," in which not only the actual scene in the theatre, or rehearsal, and on the first night is given with graphic force, but we get a clear idea of the attitude of classicists and romanticists towards one another at an important epoch of French art. Ireland's "Vortigern" is another interesting and instructive article invaluable to the student of dramatic history, containing as it does facts for reference that are extremely interesting. Mr. Edwards takes his subject down to 1861, with the production of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" at the Paris Opera. But before that there were some celebrated first nights and scenes at the London theatres, of which Mr. Edwards must have been an eye-witness. We should like to have heard something of the "Monte Cristo" disturbances, when certain English literary men and dramatists banded themselves together against the French players in the holy cause of dramatic "protection." The story of the cabal got up against M. Hostein and the company of the Théâtre Historique has never been properly told yet. They must have been strange days when Webster, Buckstone, and Charles Mathews, all adaptors of French plays, opposed the foreign invasion, and Macready supported it! But the subject of first-night follies and excitement does not end, or nearly end, with 1861. Falconer's "Oonagh," Fechter's Adelphi version of the once more ill-fated "Monte Cristo," Lord Newry's "Ecarté," and many another play occasioned scenes that will readily occur to the old playgoer. However, we are grateful for this first instalment. The sketches and descriptions make up a very interesting volume.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

The publishers are catering for the literary and artistic delectation of all, especially of the young, who will at Christmas, or at the beginning of the New Year, become possessed of such attractive volumes as those which the November book-harvest is wont to yield. Upon this occasion we choose to give precedence not to the most costly and elaborate, but to a small five-shilling volume, the intrinsic merit and beauty of which, and its authorship by a new lady writer, already recommended to favour by her pleasant description of her home in Italy, claims the earliest attention. The late Lord Monkswell, a distinguished lawyer and judicial member of the House of Lords, whose death was announced last week, to the regret of all acquainted with his character and services, has left a daughter, Madame Galletti De Cadilhac (the Hon. Margaret Collier), and a son, the Hon. John Collier, whose joint work in the exercise of different talents has produced one of the most charming Christmas books we have ever had the pleasure of reading. Its title, *Prince Peerless: A Fairy-Folk Story-Book*, was not, in our opinion, quite suitably assigned to a collection of eight short stories, all good, we will say very good, but of which "Prince Peerless" is scarcely the leading article. We would put it to the publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, of Paternoster-square, whether this volume might not as well have borne the title of "The Great Snow Mountain, and other Fairy Tales"; seeing that the frontispiece and the outside cover display Mr. John Collier's truly noble and beautiful drawing of "The White Woman," one of the angelic twin sisters inhabiting the sublime ice-palace of the Alpine King, stepping down from her serene abode to visit the mortals who dwell in the plain below. The mountain which towers aloft in the background has a peak resembling that of the Matterhorn, but its rocky pinnacle is moulded into the form of a seated old man. We must avoid telling the stories here, because they ought to be read as she tells them, with such ease and grace in her narrative, such freedom from superfluous incidents, and such unaffected touches of true feeling, of human kindness, reverence, and natural piety, that not a sentence is to be lost. "The Ill-Starred Princess" is deeply pathetic, and conveys a profound religious lesson; but if it should be remarked, by any critic, that the idea of the enchanted maiden's fifty years' trance was probably suggested by "The Sleeping Beauty," it will be found that the principal motive of this story is entirely different from that sweet old fable. Madame Galletti's ideas, indeed, are distinctly her own, and they are essentially poetical, so as to be worthy of any form of verse composition if she had not preferred the more familiar and popular use of prose. "The Sick Fairy" is a very pleasant piece of fancy comedy, based upon the supposition of a capricious female member of the fairyland aristocracy, under medical advice, seeking change of air and scene in a brief sojourn amongst mankind, in the guise of a rich old lady from foreign parts, and finding an opportunity to repair one of her previous mistakes. "Fairy Folk," the first story in the arrangement of the volume, has less novelty of conception than some of the others; but the human interest is strong in poor Bidget's grief at being carried off from her family, and at their failing to recognise her when she comes back after seven years. The picture of the dead girl lying on her desolate bier in the wild forest, guarded by attendant frogs, is one of Mr. Collier's most effective designs. As for "Prince Peerless," though placed almost the last in the volume, it is a story not inferior in value to the rest, being an instructive moral allegory, from which young persons may learn that the best gift for life is goodness; and how, in the long run, it is this—not manly beauty, intellect, strength, or mere fighting prowess, with princely rank and riches—that wins the hand of fair Gentilia, in spite of haughty Grandoso and the tyrant Clubthumpem, and all the forces of the realm of Wrangledom. Taken altogether, the contents of this excellent Christmas book are of first-rate quality, and it is deserving of the space we have given to it in the present notice.

Some importance, from the point of view of literary curiosity, belongs to another of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's publications, *Legends and Popular Tales of the Basque People*, collected and translated by Mariana Monteiro, with four illustrations in photogravure by Mr. Harold Copping. Ethnologists are aware of the scientific interest attaching to that singular remnant of a nation whose primitive settlement at the foot of the Pyrenees, on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, in Navarre and Guipuzcoa, and in corners of the countries now called France and Spain, is lost in obscure antiquity. The Basques, still preserving a language different from all those of the other European nations, cherish the peculiar traditions, manners, and customs of their ancient race; and, if the reader can endure such uncouth names as Aguelarre, Arguiduna, Maitagarri, and Hurcamendi, he may find in these prehistoric, or rather extra-historical, narratives of the Basque heroic age not a little that is worthy of study. Weird superstitions, like that of the demon goat, the ruler of the witches in the haunted hill of Aguelarre, directing his wicked votaries to deeds of evil, overheard by the wandering orphan child—or that of the mysterious blue light, "Arguiduna," gleaming through forest glades to summon the corpses of the dead from their graves on an appointed night of ghastly festival—or the more brilliant vision of Maitagarri, the fascinating wanton fairy, who lures handsome shepherds to her diamond palace in the cave—and the mighty bugle-horn of Roldan, or Roland, sounding a last call to his fugitive army at the battle of Roncesvalles—the water-nymph Lamia, with her siren song—the branch of white lilies, by whose magic touch a bridge was completed over the dark river Ibaizabal, for the rescue of a persecuted maiden—and the tragedy of the despairing suicide, who hanged himself on Hurcamendi, the "Hill of the Gibbet"—make up, for the most part, the motives of these thrilling tales. Their originality and apparent genuineness will commend them to readers who are curious in such freaks of indigenous folk-lore; and the story of the "Prince of Erin" may concern the fond believers in Irish romantic history, regarding which, we trust, a certain degree of scepticism is permitted to Englishmen.

A handsome quarto volume, published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. (Limited), contains all the *Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, printed in good clear type, with a portrait frontispiece, finely engraved, twenty full-page illustrations, and several hundred smaller engravings, mostly drawn by American artists. Every series of pieces in verse, successively given to the world in the poet's lifetime, will be found in this collection, from "Voices of the Night," "Early Poems," "Ballads and Translations," proceeding with "The Spanish Student," "The Belfry of Bruges," "Evangeline," "The Seaside and the Fireside," "Hiawatha," "Miles Standish," "Birds of Passage," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "Flower de Lucre," "The Golden Legend," "A Book of Sonnets," "Keramos," and two or three of his latest lyrical outbursts. The popularity of Longfellow, among these of the middle classes in England who do not pretend to belong to the intellectual aristocracy, and who are content with the correct and graceful expression of wholesome natural feeling, exceeds that of any other contemporary poet; and many will value this publication in our own country, as well as in the United States.



"Forty minutes o'er the grass without a check, boys!"

ART EXHIBITIONS.

The ninth annual exhibition of the Scottish Water-Colour Society is open to the public, in the galleries of the Fine Art Institute in Sauchiehall-street, Glasgow. Smaller in point of numbers, and less indebted to the loan of noted works than on former occasions, this year's display of pictures is still very interesting and, perhaps, more thoroughly characteristic of Scottish water-colour art than its immediate predecessors. It is gratifying to see the increasing popularity of this form of painting in Scotland, testified to, as it is, by the greater amount of care bestowed on their work by the artists; and, although there is still a considerable proportion of hasty sketches on the walls, the great majority of the pictures show a due regard for finish. Thomas Hunt gives us a very happy subject in his "Careless Drovers" (9), who are "gettin' fou and unco' happy" in a moorland ale-house, while their charge are evidently uneasy at the fading twilight, and are thinking "on the lang Scots miles" which their masters have forgotten. The cattle are well drawn, and the sombre evening effect contrasts finely with the glimpse we get of the drovers' careless faces through the botchy window. "A Neebour's Bairn" (39), by Tom McEwan, is a carefully-finished study of a humble cottage interior, charming although somewhat conventional. It may seem hypercritical to find fault with the drawing of a hand; but where the other details are so carefully wrought out as in "The Fugitive Thought" (84), by H. Stacy Marks, R.A., the disproportion between the thumb and third finger of the right hand is very conspicuous. Otherwise, this is an excellent and suggestive little work. Among the landscapes and sea-pieces, we may especially notice "Winter" (10), by Arthur Melville, one of the most interesting pictures in the galleries, on account of its originality of subject and excellence of treatment; nearly all by John Smart, R.S.A., more particularly "Sunday Afternoon—the Cottage Door" (188), and a fine cloud effect (125), although, as a composition, it looks more like a study for a part of a picture than a complete picture in itself; "On the Cantire Coast" (142), by F. Powell, president of the society; and numerous sketches by J. G. Laing, David Law, and C. J. Lauder. "Border Moss-Troopers" (329), by Tom Scott, is a large and ambitious picture, well designed, both men and horses being vigorously drawn and coloured. Among animal paintings, the best are two by Joseph Crawhall, jun., capital drawings of horses (4 and 115), and "Expectation" (516), an animated group of dogs by John Carlaw. Flowers are, as usual, well represented, R. Herdman, R.S.A., contributing three excellent studies of roses (82, 441, and 458). We have only space to enumerate a few of the more attractive works—Hugh Cameron's, R.S.A., "Street Scene, St. Remo" (34); "A Japanese Puzzle" (131), by J. Donovan Adam; "Dutch Waters" (157), by David Farquharson, A.R.S.A.; "Strawberries" (194), by J. Stewart Park; "The Carpet Bazaar" (416), by H. Pilleau; "Bramble Gatherers" (429), by Pollok Nisbet; and two Venice scenes (494 and 547) by Clara Montalba. There are many others equally interesting; and we may say that both the artists and the public are to be congratulated on having a most successful exhibition, good in itself, and full of promise.

The winter exhibition at Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons' galleries, Haymarket, is quite up to the usual average; and, by a judicious mixture of English and foreign work, it is possible to draw a fair conclusion as to the merits of our own school. In the first room, Mr. Thomas Collier's "Trout-Stream" (22) is a bright reminiscence of the New Forest, painted with much of David Cox's feeling for Nature; on the other hand, Bretegnier's "Blind Man" (17) groping his way through the narrow streets of a Moorish town, shows us the quiet, harmonious work of one of Gérôme's most promising pupils. In the same room we cannot pass without notice and appreciation two carefully finished works by Eugène De Blaas, "The Offer" (5) and "Accepted" (7), telling the old, old story with freshness and humour. "The Feast of the Madonna—Seville Cathedral" (6) is one of those marvellous chromatic arrangements in which Señor Gallegos has given proof of his skill; and of such a spectacle the original can scarcely be more brilliant than the picture. In the large gallery, the place of honour is occupied by Mr. Vicat Cole's "Summer Showers" (89)—a dark cloud hanging over a riverside church, which, like the whole landscape, is momentarily dull and cold. One cannot help recognising how much Mr. Vicat Cole owes to Constable in the composition of this picture; but this need not detract from our appreciation of his skill. His work is flanked on the one side by Mr. Leader's "Worcestershire Cottage" (84), and on the other by Herr Karl Heffner's "Royal Windsor" (94), neither of which will add to their respective artist's reputation. M. L'Hermitte, however, is every year advancing in strength and colour, and his two works, "At the Spring" (113) and "Noon" (126), are amongst the most delicate bits of pastoral life in the exhibition. As a realistic rendering, Mr. Atkinson Grimshaw's "Old Greenock" (66), on a wet evening, is as skilful as may be wished, though it recalls somewhat too vividly his identical treatment of the Liverpool docks; and Mr. Herbert Roe, despite the obvious shortcomings of his "Nursery Scene" (76), shows a carefulness of drawing and an appreciation of truthful colouring which give promise of a more complete work on another occasion. The other English artists whose works are chiefly noticeable are Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Welcoming Home the Bride" (30), Mr. J. B. Burgess's "Love Lorn" (44), as much above his recent average of work as Mr. H. Wood's "Summer Afternoon" (64) is below his; Mr. Brett's "South Bishop Light" (120), and Mr. W. D. Wyllie's "Flood-Tide on the West Swale" (133). Amongst the foreigners—with whom gaudy colouring is becoming more and more fashionable in studios where Fortuny's or Pasini's influence reaches—Signor Sorbi's "Toast" (70), outside an Italian canova, is one of the most noteworthy; "The Brigands of the Desert" (28) is a cabinet-size reduction of M. Friesse's large work, which won him so much praise at the Salon two years ago; but the chief work is Meissonier's "Voyageur" (56), showing that he has of late taken to painting on a larger scale than formerly. The present work represents a single figure on horseback making his way along a heavy road against wind and rain. It is on the horse's action, weary and straining, that Meissonier has concentrated the full force of his powers; and the picture, to our thinking, shows the artist to greater advantage than even his "Pestilence." "Le Mot d'Ordre" (80), by M. L. Debras, two figures, one in black, and the other in red; M. Benjamin Constant's "Doge" (93), M. Courtois's "Morning" (110), and Signor Barbodo's "Court Scene" (107) are among the foreign works which will attract most attention—or should do so.

At Mr. McLean's Gallery (8, Haymarket) the chief interest will be concentrated on Sir John Millais' "Portia" (29), a three-quarter length portrait study of Miss Mary Anderson in that character. In the management of the folds of the doctor's red gown the artist has been exceedingly successful, but there is a strained expression in the lady's face, which is little in harmony with the ease of her manner, as depicted by Shakespeare. This portrait will, however, have a special place amongst Sir John Millais' works, marking, as we fully believe it will, his return to a style of painting from which he has long been estranged. The picture gives one the idea of having been painted rapidly, not from press of work, but because the actress's

personality had taken hold of his imagination, and because he was unwilling to lose the impression on his mind. In other works of the English school, Mr. McLean's exhibition is not rich. Mr. H. W. B. Davis repeats in his "Summer Day in the Highlands" (66), and again in another Scotch scene (12) effects which his facile brush has already made us familiar; Mr. Peter Graham, in the "Home of the Sea-Bird" (19) and "A Misty Day" (25), gives us another, but not novel, phase of Scotch scenery; and in like manner, Mr. Leader and Mr. T. S. Cooper are represented by typical works. The chief interest of these is the contrast they offer to the foreigners' work with which they are surrounded. The primary idea of the English artists has been to reproduce a more or less faithful idea of nature, as seen by their eyes. The foreigners, as represented by Chierici's "Much Ado About Nothing" (5), Gallego's "Spanish Pleasure Garden" (6), Zuber's "Hungarian Peasant Dance" (21), Sorbi's "Paying Toll" (29), and a host of others, aim chiefly at artistic effects. It cannot be supposed that they ever had before their eyes even the groundwork of the brilliant scenes they depict; and if their pictures are the outcome of the hackneyed idea of "Art for Art's sake," there is imminent risk of painting becoming purely decorative. There are, of course, other foreigners who work with different aims. Of such Herr Max Todt's "Gossiping at a Village Inn" (2) and his "Merry Party" (14), painted with exquisite care and delicacy, are remarkable examples. A more important work, also, is Signor L. Nono's "Amanuensis" (17)—an old man, to whom a young peasant girl is dictating a love-letter. Signor Nono's name is at present unknown in this country: but his work shows that the modern Florentine school is destined, at no distant day, to occupy an important place in Italian art. In addition to the works already mentioned, Jan Van Beers, Poetzelberger, and Favretto, in his "Fruit-seller" (44), are especially well represented.

The exhibition of Mr. Fulleylove's drawings of "Petrarch's Country," now on view at the Fine Art Society's Rooms (148, New Bond-street), fully sustains the promises held out by the artist in his earlier works. His training as an architect naturally attracts Mr. Fulleylove to scenes where buildings, classical or mediæval—it matters little which—play a prominent part. "Petrarch's Country," as it is rather vaguely interpreted, is made to include not only Montpellier, his supposed birthplace, and the Fountain of Vaucluse, or the source of the Sorgues, associated with the poet's love, but it embraces a wide stretch of country—Arles and Nîmes in the east to Carcassonne and Toulouse in the west. The country is full of interest for the painter, and especially for one who can, like Mr. Fulleylove, appreciate Nature's setting of the wonderful works of art with which Provence is endowed. The lover of classical remains will turn to "The Roman Bath at Nîmes" (34), "The Arena" (39) and "Theatre" (57) at Arles, "The Gateway at Orange" (1), "The Monument at St. Rémy" (37), or the "Pont du Gard" (49); whilst the enthusiast for mediæval and Gothic remains may gratify his taste by studying the Hôtel de Ville and the portal of St. Trophime (35), the Castles of Cavailhon (29), of Crussol at Valence (63), and of Beaucaire (62); the ornate "Hôtel d'Assézat at Toulouse" (9), "The Cathedral of Avignon" (22), and "St. Giles in the Camargue" (40). These are a few only among many skilful sketches which recall the bright Provençal skies and holidays now passed. Mr. Fulleylove is always painstaking, and he has the true artistic eye; but we do not quite understand the introduction of figures dressed either in a classic garb or in that of the Middle Ages amongst scenes as they appear to travellers at the close of the nineteenth century. If there is no attempt to restore the ancient sites, except in the Roman baths at Nîmes, why should doubt be thrown upon their actual condition by the introduction of fancy costumes? We think, too, that Mr. Fulleylove, unless he was specially favoured by the weather, hardly renders that bright, almost metallic, glare of sunlight which envelopes "Petrarch's country" throughout a long and almost unbroken summer.

It is a little difficult to understand the artistic aims of the proprietors of the Salon Parisien (160, New Bond-street), unless it be to attract a public which cares only for new sensations. The third exhibition at this gallery differs only from its predecessors by being certainly more gruesome, and at the same time a trifle less *décolleté*, although there are three or four subjects on which the art of decoliation, in its primitive sense, has been practised with startling realism. Of these the majority are due to M. Jan Van Beers, who, when he likes, can achieve better things than mere exaggerations in the style of Wierz. For instance, "A People's Gratitude," a large canvas which forms the barrier at the end of the gallery, painted some years since, is full of dramatic force. It represents the dead body of Jacques Van Artevelde thrown behind a line of palisades, a "potter's field," where the dogs might mangle the corpse of the "greatest of Flanders' sons." In spite of the horrible realism with which the body is painted, there are unmistakable power and talent in this work, and there is far more sentiment than in his other historical picture "The Death of Jacob Van Maerlant" (60) in his bed—a stilted production of the school founded by Baron Leys. Mr. Jules Toulot's "Salammbô" (25), encircled by the python in the temple of Moloch, preparatory to her expedition to recover the sacred veil, is one of the most interesting pictures in the collection. The figure of the Carthaginian Princess is finely modelled, and it is not only as a classical study, but as a work of imagination, that it appeals to us; and contrasts favourably with M. Gouviou Saint Cyr's acrobatic rendering of "La Vérité"—Truth emerging from her well like a modern gymnast on a trapeze. Amongst other works, which have a certain merit, may be mentioned "Napoleon III. at Wilhelmshöhe" (30), a black figure in a green garden; and Henry Paul Mottez' "Entombment of a Vestal" (24), an act which excites apparently only the curiosity and not the sympathy of the spectators. Of the tricks and traps with which the dimly-lighted labyrinth, known as the Salon Parisien, is thickly set, we prefer not to speak, having nothing to say in their favour or defence.

The holiday work of the members of the South Kensington Sketching Club (in connection with the National Art Training School) was exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. The entries, which were very numerous, included works in oil, water colours, and monochromes. Among the landscapes, especially, there was a considerable display of promising work. The prizes were subsequently distributed by Mr. J. C. Sparkes, the Principal of the Art Training School. The following were the principal awards:—Section A (open to past winners): Landscape in oil, Mr. F. Stead; landscape in water colours, Miss Hull; landscape foreground, Mr. H. Rider; figure subject, Miss M. Clarkson; set of sketches in colour, Mr. H. Allport; ditto in black and white, Mr. F. Woodhouse. Section B (open to other students): Landscape in oil, Mrs. Pearce; landscape in water colours, Mr. H. Godfrey; landscape foreground, Mr. H. Poulter; figure subject, Miss Sybil Robinson; set of sketches in colour, Miss Janet Lewis; ditto in black and white, Miss Julia Haywood; flower piece (oils) Mr. W. Falkner; flowers (water colours) Miss Mary Woodward; architecture sketches, Mr. A. M. Poynter.

NEW LOOKS.

Mr. James W. Wells, a civil engineer by profession, having spent seven years in the interior of Brazil, has acquired a rare experience, of which he now gives the results in two massive volumes, illustrated with the author's sketches and maps. *Exploring and Travelling Three Thousand Miles through Brazil, from Rio de Janeiro to Maranhão* (Sampson Low), is the title of his work. Apart from Rio, one of the busiest, loveliest, and best-known capitals in the world, Englishmen are greatly ignorant of this vast empire, nearly as much so, perhaps, as an old couple Mr. Wells met with in the interior were of the world beyond their hut. Interesting as his narrative is, and there is not a page of it which an intelligent reader will find dull, we confess that the enthusiasm for travel inspired by some writers is not awakened by Mr. Wells's story. The drawbacks to enjoyment in the interior of Brazil are manifold, and some of them are far from trifling. The hot, steamy atmosphere, the rank vegetation, the fever-breeding miasma, the constant pests of insects—some of them dangerous, and others, like the cockroach and black bee, disgusting—the swarms of venomous snakes which make camping-out not a little dangerous, are not agreeable "incidents of travel." Then there is the alarm often raised at night of the approach of wild Indians, of jaguars, and, worse than either, of peccaries, which sometimes come to the attack in such numbers, and with such persistent courage that guns and knives are of small avail, and the traveller is glad to take refuge in a tree. A night attack of these pigs is vividly described by Mr. Wells. The animals, he says, came in immense numbers, grunting and snapping their teeth. Again and again they returned to the charge, nor did they retire before twenty-seven pigs were killed and many wounded. "The attack was more like the wild reckless bravery of the Arabs of the Soudan, for, as pig after pig fell squealing and disabled, scores more struggled for his place," and the writer adds that it was not until near day-break that he heard the last grunt. It must not be supposed that because we have dwelt upon the inconveniences of Brazilian travel that Mr. Wells is fond of dwelling upon them. On the contrary, he is a very cheery traveller, and even when down with fever, makes the best of everything. More than once he was attacked by this dangerous complaint, and on the second occasion, while shaking with ague, was forced to camp out in the rain. "It is really not nice," he writes, "lying rolled up in a macintosh on one's saddle in a pouring rain, trembling with fever and ague, and surrounded by a pitchy darkness, out in a shelterless campos on a cold night." And he has a doleful tale to tell on one occasion of all the engineers being ill with fever, and of six of his men returning to their homes to die; not a man out of sixty-five who had worked for him escaped an attack. It appears that the natives are much more subject to the intermittent fevers in Brazil than newly-arrived Europeans. We shall not attempt, for the endeavour would be a vain one, to give any idea of the variety of adventures related in these volumes, of the conversations with the natives, of the descriptions of scenery, flowers, and fauna, and of the many characteristic touches which bring place and people before the mind's eye. The reader must be destitute of curiosity who is not eager to follow Mr. Wells's track through the forests, swamps, and river country of Brazil. The work is likely to be an authority.

Mr. George L. Gomme has earned no small reputation as an antiquary and historical student. In his little work, *The Literature of Local Institutions* (Elliot Stock), he has brought together a mass of curious information, the result of great research in a comparatively new field of study. The materials he has thus collected, after the labour of years, show the fruitfulness of the subject, and lead us to hope that the writer may be able to use them as he has long hoped to do, on a large scale. The bricks and stone, the wood and marble, are here, but the building still awaits the directing hand of the architect. Mr. Gomme points out that "nearly all that has been urged as appertaining to the privileges of a newly-created system of local government—local option, land allotments, county boards, and other important subjects—has always belonged to the old local institutions, and has never been taken from them by any legal or constitutional enactment," and he insists that the history of these institutions should be thoroughly studied before fresh legislation is attempted. The best account of them, strange to say, is written by a German; and a Russian Professor, who has been investigating the subject, has expressed his surprise that so little attention is paid to it by Englishmen. Mr. Gomme's handbook, for such it may be called, is very reasonable, and members of Parliament whose knowledge of the country is confined to general histories, will find in it much food for thought. Mr. Gomme writes of the Shire and the Hundred, of Municipal Government, of the Manor, the Township, and the Parish; and he gives careful lists of the principal authorities on these topics, the importance of which at the present moment can scarcely be over-rated. Truly does he say that the first step in the path of true reform is to gather up the lessons of the past; and as justly may it be said that no great and wise change will be effected by men who are ignorant of what their forefathers have done in the "making of England."

The day may arrive when an English sportsman will blithely return to those field sports in Ireland from which he has been of late years driven. He might do so, as a matter of fact, at the present time without much risk of his life, beyond the possibility of being mistaken for some obnoxious landlord or agent against whom sentence has been pronounced. What keeps him away just now is the ferocious hostility of the people in many parts of the country to the system of proprietorship which a hunting man or angler is supposed to represent. The peasantry defiantly fish the salmon-pools, for which you pay a high rent, in open daylight; and the last official report of the inspectors reveals in the south of Ireland a systematic poisoning of salmon and trout rivers by means of the spurge laurel. When these evil times have passed away, the English angler will recall his good days on Blackwater, Shannon, Moy, Bush, and Bann, and cross the Irish Channel once more. Meanwhile, he may possess himself of *How and Where to Fish in Ireland*, by Hi-Regan (Sampson Low and Co.), in confidence. A hand-guide for anglers in Ireland has long been required, and the publishers have been wise to produce it at a low price. Hi-Regan, in the first half of his task, proves his mastery of the gentle craft by sundry chapters on how to fish, always, of course, from an Irish sportsman's point of view. This may not be, in essentials, different from the methods of the Scotchman or Englishman, but there are distinctive points well worthy of consideration. The second half, dividing Ireland, for the purposes of the book, into six districts, describes the rivers and lakes, their fish, their seasons, and their peculiarities. The work in both sections is excellently well done, and the second part, as we have implied, meets a long-felt want. The angling capabilities of green Erin have never been so thoroughly detailed in any previous work, and, until a better is written, it must remain the standard work of reference upon the subject. As such it may be heartily recommended.